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PLUCK AND LUCK

AN UNKNOWN FLAG OR THE MYSTERIOUS BLACK SCHOONER AND OTHER STORIES

By Capt Thos H. Wilson



With a sweep of his arm Little Grim unrolled a large crimson flag, having in the center the figure of a man with a foot upon a crown, and underneath were the words, "Beware, King George!"

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Stories of Adventure

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An Unknown Flag

—OR—

THE MYSTERIOUS BLACK SCHOONER

By CAPT. THOS. H. WILSON

CHAPTER I.

LOYAL TO THE DEATH.

"Halt! who goes there?"

"A patriot."

"Advance, patriot, and give the password."

Out from the darkness and into the circle of light made by a small camp-fire came the figure of a young man.

He approached within twenty feet of the person who had challenged him, and then, in a low voice, said:

"Equality."

"Correct," replied the sentinel; "pass on."

Without another word the new-comer went onward past the fire, until his form was swallowed up in the darkness again.

Presently another figure approached from the same direction, gave the same countersign to the picket on duty and disappeared as his predecessor had done.

Then another, and another, and yet others, until nineteen youths, ranging from sixteen to twenty-one years of age, had appeared, given the password, and disappeared in the same manner.

Then the picket, going close to his little fire, drew a paper from his pocket at which he glanced for a moment.

"Correct," he murmured; they are all here, for I make the twentieth. That is the number Foss told me. Now to carry out his orders."

He laid aside his musket and hurried into a clump of bushes, from whence he presently reappeared carrying a pail of water in either hand.

Placing the pails upon the ground he began carefully to separate the blazing sticks in the fire, and when that was accomplished he once more took up the pails and proceeded to pour water upon each one of the burning fagots.

In a few moments his purpose was accomplished, and black, ebony-like darkness reigned in that lonely spot in the forest, where but a few moments before the fire had been blazing so cheerfully.

Concealing the now empty pails in the bushes, the youth picked up his rifle and started away through the darkness in the direction the others had taken before him.

A walk of ten minutes brought him to the base of a huge cliff, and despite the darkness, he followed along a narrow path, which one unacquainted with the locality would have hesitated to pursue, even by the light of mid-day.

He did not hesitate, however, but went rapidly along for about a hundred yards, when he turned the sharp angle in the jagged face of the cliff, and found himself before a narrow crevice in the rock, which, in the darkness of the night, looked even more black and forbidding than the dense woods about him.

But even there he did not pause. Entering the narrow crevice, or fissure, he made his way cautiously forward, occasionally climbing over a rock or the trunk of a fallen tree

which had become lodged in the place from overhead until suddenly he emerged upon a strange and startling scene, and one which, had he not been expecting it, would have filled him with amazement.

Before him was a semi-cavern. I use the word advisedly, because in no sense could the place be termed a cave. It was one of those freaks of nature caused by the action of running water for many centuries upon soft limestone formation.

The place was from two to three hundred feet long by a hundred and fifty feet wide at the bottom, and the rocks on either side came gradually nearer together as they loomed overhead, until at the top—which was fully four hundred feet high—a space running the entire length of the place, and ranging from twenty feet wide at the ends to fifty feet in the center, was uncovered, except by the foliage of the forest trees, which spread their branches, as if for additional protection, over the top.

At the upper end of this magnificent retreat (which the boys had christened Rock Haven) was a mighty waterfall, coming nearly from the top of the crevice, and flowing away through the very center of the place in a still, deep and moderate current.

At the lower end, this stream made an abrupt turn to the left, and flowed away slowly through the channel it had worn between two towering, but perpendicular cliffs which continued for nearly a mile, when the stream suddenly emerged into the sea immediately behind a huge rock, which towered straight up from the water to a height of fifty feet, and was known all along the coast as "Samson's Pillar."

This rock was situated at the head of a little bay which jutted in from the great ocean about half a mile, and its entire surface was dotted with reefs and boulders, some sticking their tops far out of the water, some half submerged, and others just hiding their crests beneath the water which was always, even in the calmest weather, lashed to madness and foam as it pounded against the immovable masses. This bay was known as the "Stew Pot," from its incessant motion and constant resemblance to boiling water.

It made no difference whether the tide was in or out, high or low, the Stew Pot was just the same, always boiling, seething and foaming; and there was not a fisherman along the coast who would venture inside the sunken reef which covered nearly its entire width at the mouth.

But to return to Rock Haven, and all that the approaching sentinel saw as he emerged from the narrow fissure in the cliff into that rock-bound retreat.

Near the center of the cavernous place, and on the shore of the deep and silent stream was a fire built of huge logs, and around it were grouped nineteen as sturdy-looking youths as could be found in any section of the world.

Out upon the water, as motionless as a sleeping bird, floated a schooner—long, low, rakish—apparently very fast.

She was painted as black as the wing of a raven. Not a

vestige of color relieved her somber hue. Even her sails, now furled, were of the same inky black, and as she rested so quietly at her anchor in that secure retreat she looked like a great winged creature of ill omen—as indeed she was—to her enemies.

The newly arrived picket leaped from the spot where he had come upon this strange scene to the bottom of the Haven, and immediately joined the group.

"Now, Phil," exclaimed one of the group, rising, "we will proceed to business at once. Fellows, let me introduce to you my most trusted friend, Philip Duval. It is he who has aided me in all that has been accomplished thus far, and now we have only to proceed with our organization."

The speaker was a manly-looking youth, just past his twentieth birthday. His height was a trifle below that of the average young man of his years, but he more than made up for it in breadth of shoulders and depth of chest.

He had clear dark-blue eyes, bright, flashing and fearless, and brown hair just curly enough to be wavy. His features were straight and regular, while every expression which flitted over his handsome face denoted energy and unswerving determination.

His dress was that of the time in which he lived—the dark days of the war, in which our forefathers fought for principle and freedom—the days of the great Revolution.

His name was De Forest Amsbury, but to all his friends he was known either as Foss—a contraction of his given name—or as Little Grim, which last sobriquet had been given to him owing to his grim determination in accomplishing everything he undertook.

"Now, boys," he continued, "you all know me, but very few of you know Phil, so, introducing him, I will just add that he is to be my second in command of this enterprise of ours, and that he has my entire confidence in all things. Arise and salute your officer."

With one accord the eighteen lads sprang to their feet and touched their cocked hats respectfully to Philip Duval, who acknowledged the salute with a cheery

"All right, boys; we'll get along together, I guess. Let us hear now what our Little Grim has to say."

"You all see that schooner yonder," continued Foss, pointing toward the graceful vessel already alluded to; "she belongs to me. Phil and I brought her here two months ago, and we have been engaged ever since in getting her ready for sea, and I have painted her black, as well as colored her sails the same hue, because I think we can thus more easily elude our enemies, the cruisers of King George."

"Now, fellows, I have selected you with great care, and there is not one among you but what is brave, steadfast, and true. Some of you have known of my scheme for a long time, while others have heard it within a few hours; there is one of you, I believe, brought here by Charlie Stowell, who hears it now for the first time; but it is enough that Charlie vouches for him, for we all know Charlie."

"We are the officers and crew of that schooner. We sail from this harbor to fight the enemies of our country—to assist our fathers in this great battle for liberty and home—many of us, no doubt, never to return. Is there one among you who, now that the dangers we will have to encounter are before him, wishes to withdraw?"

"No!" came simultaneously from every listener.

"Bravo! I have made a good selection, I see. There is one more thing to tell you. You are subject to nobody's orders but mine. We are free-lances, and sailing, as we will, without orders from our own government, we can expect no mercy from the British, if captured. Our lives are in our hands—upon our coat-sleeves."

"Ay, ay!" cried the group.

"Our motto is 'Liberty, equality and freedom.' Our flag is—this!"

With a sweep of his arm Little Grim unrolled before his friends a large crimson flag, having in the center the figure of a man with a foot upon a crown, worked in black, and underneath were the words, "Beware, King George!"

"We have here," continued the young patriot, "a harbor in which I believe we are absolutely safe from pursuit. There is not a sailor on this coast who knows the channel through the Stew Pot, while we can go out and come in with perfect safety by the aid of sweeps, with which the schooner is provided. If our retreat should be discovered, the enemy could not get to us through the narrow gorge where the river runs from here to the sea, for two of us could hold it against the world. But if that should fail, the way we entered would be a way of escape."

"We have no name—our schooner has no name, and from now on you sail under the orders of Captain Grim, for that is how I choose to be known, if known at all."

"Phil is your first officer, and Charlie is second. When on duty we will know no friends, and I shall exact implicit obedience; when here in Rock Haven we will be boys together again; aboard the schooner I am absolute master. Are you all entirely satisfied?"

"We are!" cried every one, springing to his feet.

"Will you be loyal and true?"

"To the death!"

"Good! Now we will go aboard."

CHAPTER II.

"THAT IS THE WAY TO SHOOT."

Since the events recorded in the last chapter two months have passed, and during that time the little black schooner has made numerous forages upon the broad water of the Atlantic Ocean.

Fleet as a bird, she would steal upon an unsuspecting cruiser belonging to the British government, and almost before her victims knew they were attacked, the long gun from the schooner's bow would tear a hole in the royal ship just below the water line, and then turn and sail away, taking good care to keep far out of reach of the enemy's broadside.

The little vessel only carried two big guns, one at her bow and the other at her stern, but they were more effective than a whole broadside from an ordinary cruiser, and their missiles were always sent with unerring accuracy.

In the two months which had elapsed since the formation of the crew, the reputation of the mysterious black schooner, with her crimson flag of defiance, had spread far and wide.

His majesty's ships were searching for this new scourge of the sea constantly, but she seemed to be possessed of wings, as well as of the power to appear and disappear at will.

One dark, rainy night, when the wind was blowing half a gale, she had stolen right into the center of a British fleet and captured and sunk a brig-of-war, taking prisoner every man left alive aboard of her, and all without firing a shot from a big gun.

The brig had been first scuttled and then set afire, and the first intimation that her consorts had of the fact was when the lurid flames darted from her hatchways and began licking up the grease and tar upon her rigging.

By the light from the burning vessel they had seen the black-sailed schooner flying away, and had immediately given chase, but it was a short one, for she at once disappeared from view in the darkness.

Sailors, who are nothing if not superstitious, began to invest the strange vessel bearing the unknown flag with all sorts of occult terrors.

Some claimed that she was a phantom schooner, commanded and manned by spirits who thus sought to wreak their vengeance upon the British crown, and it came to be very generally believed among the men before the mast that she was invincible and terrible.

This belief, as can be readily seen, was of great assistance to young Captain Grim in the carrying out of his plans, for whenever one of his victims was brought to bay and a fight ensued the men of the enemy were brought face to face with a superstitious terror they felt, as well as with the grim determination of the brave young crew of the black schooner.

It was just two months from the night when we saw them at Rock Haven, when, but an hour or two before dark, the sweeps were got out, and the gallant little vessel was propelled down-stream, through the narrow gorge into the Stew Pot, and then through the seething waters into the open bay beyond.

"A splendid night this will be," said Little Grim to Phil Duval, who was standing at his side in the bow.

"Fine," commented Phil, "and we need a fine one. This undertaking which we have on to-night is the most hazardous one we have tried yet. I only hope we haven't essayed too difficult a task."

"What, Phil, not afraid, surely!"

"Afraid. Foss! you know me too well for that, so I won't resent it. But I am given to using reason in these things, and my only fear is that the career of this little vessel of ours may be ended too soon. We are doing the cause a great deal of good, and now that they have us, they could ill spare us, old fellow. 'Tis not for myself that I fear, but for our purpose."

"Right, Phil—right! You always are, and I am at times too

impetuous. However, our information can be relied upon, and I am going to see this thing through."

"Ay, ay, Foss, and with this wind we should reach the spot by midnight. But let me ask one question."

"What is it?"

"You surely are not thinking of attacking two full armed cruisers inside the harbor, where they lay, with this little schooner only?"

"No, Phil, no! I have a better plan than that. Listen, and I will tell it. Young Jack Wingate brought us the news regarding the spot where the two John Bulls are taking their supplies, as you know."

"Yes."

"Well, he is now busy constructing a large raft. It will be ready for us by the time we reach there. In a warehouse about a mile up the river are a number of cotton bales, which he will put on the raft, together with a small cannon and other necessaries. He will have about a dozen fellows to help us, and I will take a dozen more from the schooner and join him, while you will remain with the rest of our crew aboard of our little beauty here. Do you follow me?"

"Yes. Go on."

"At the right moment we will drop down the river and open the battle, while you in the schooner will be lying behind the headland with sails set and sweeps out as well. At the moment you hear the commencement of the fray, and while their entire attention is taken up with us, you will pull around the headland and get as close as possible to the cruisers. Then, my dear Phil, work—work as you have never worked before! Let the first shot from your long gun bore a hole in the side of one of those royalists big enough to sink her. Don't fail in that and the victory is ours. If you can do as much for the other one so much the better, but be sure of your first shot, for upon that depends our success. That done, turn your attention to the other, and while we board on one side you do the same on the other."

"What is that?" suddenly inquired Phil, pointing straight ahead.

"A sail!" cried Little Grim.

"I thought so. Shall we interview it, Foss? They haven't seen us yet with our black sails."

"Yes, keep the present course. If she is too big we can run; if not, we will give her a brush. I think we can spare the time."

The young captain procured his night glass and examined the stranger carefully.

"Phil," he said, suddenly, "she's the frigate that has been detailed to capture us, and I can't resist giving her a brush."

Then forming a temporary trumpet with his hands, he cried:

"All hands, ahoy!"

In an instant every soul on board the schooner was ready to obey the next command.

"Places!" came the order.

"Let go the halyards! Down with every sail!"

The order was obeyed promptly, and in a moment more the schooner rested almost motionless upon the water under bare poles.

"Man the sweeps!" came the next order. "Keep her head as it is now."

The frigate was heading directly toward the little schooner, so that it was only necessary for them to await the approach of the larger ship, while by lowering the sails Little Grim had lessened the chances of being discovered too soon.

On came the frigate unsuspectingly, looking like a great black mass against the darkened sky, for she was seaward from the schooner's position, while the lofty cliffs along the coast rendered it almost impossible for her lookouts to discover the low, black hull of the dauntless little vessel where it rested so quietly awaiting its prey.

Nearer and nearer they came together. The frigate was now within easy range of the long gun at the bow, and was beginning to sheer off, having evidently discovered the dark object and mistaken it for a reef or drift-wood.

Captain Grim took his position at the gun, leveled and sighted it.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash and a loud report which caused the schooner to recoil perceptibly, while the iron missile went hurtling over the water with terrific power.

True to its aim the ball struck the frigate just at the water line, tearing a great hole in her side and filling her decks with consternation, confusion and surprise.

"Starboard sweeps, pull!" cried the young hero. "Port sweeps, back water!"

In a moment more the schooner was headed the other way,

and during that brief time the young patriot had hastened to the stern.

Just as he was leveling the second gun a sheet of flame and a puff of smoke issued from the frigate's bow, followed by a loud report, and a ball went singing through the air just over Little Grim's head, and was soon forever lost in the waves beyond.

"A poor shot," muttered the youthful captain. "I'll see if I can't do better."

Boom! went the gun at the stern, and it was followed by an unexpected sight.

The great foremast of the frigate shuddered as though it had received a blow, then trembled visibly, and in a moment more, with a lingering crash, it went by the boards, carrying rigging and tackle and the main-top-royal mast along with it into the sea.

"That is the way to shoot," muttered Little Grim, slowly, and then turning, he cried:

"In with the sweep! Jump to your places! Quick, now! Up with the sails, every one of them! Put her two points nearer the wind!"

Shot after shot came from the frigate, but not one of them took effect upon the little schooner, now flying like a bird over the waves.

She made a large circuit, gradually coming back to her original course, leaving the frigate to wonder still more at the daring of the mysterious black schooner.

CHAPTER III.

"NOW COMES THE TUG-OF-WAR."

It was between twelve and one o'clock when the black schooner came up into the wind behind the headland referred to in the last chapter.

During the time which had intervened between the encounter with the frigate and the arrival at the headland Little Grim had made Phil thoroughly acquainted with his plans for the night, so that when the desired spot was reached all was in readiness, and the brave young commander, accompanied by eleven of his gallant followers, clambered quickly into the small boats and rowed to the shore.

They were obliged to scale the headland, which was rather precipitous, and then to make their way between three and four miles on foot to the spot where Jack Wingate and his friends were waiting for them with the fortified raft.

It was very dark, but Grim knew the route perfectly, and led his companions rapidly along over the rough pathway to the place of meeting.

That had been well selected.

There was a place where a creek ran into the river, and in its mouth lay the raft, while sitting upon the cotton bales was another dozen of as brave-looking young men as the colonies ever produced.

Jack Wingate hailed the arrival of Little Grim and his followers with gladness, for he had begun to fear that they would be prevented from reaching the spot in time.

Not a moment was lost in unnecessary words.

Silently they boarded the raft, and then, with long poles, it was pushed from the mouth of the creek into the river.

Once there, the current carried them along sufficiently fast, and the poles were used only to direct the course and prevent undersired contact with the bank and the rocks, which at short distances loomed out of the water.

The distance from their starting-point to the place where the two cruisers were lying at anchor, was but a little over two miles, and that was quickly covered.

The cotton bales had been arranged systematically around the edges of the raft, so that the boys felt that they were comparatively safe from the bullets of the enemy.

True, a huge ball from one of the great guns aboard the ships would send a cotton bale flying into the water, but Grim felt that there was little danger of that kind to fear, both because of their being so low down and on account of the closeness of the range.

They poled along silently until a favorable position was secured, where, without other volition than that of the sluggish current, they could drift down upon the two vessels.

Nearer and nearer they approached to the two cruisers, until within short rifle range.

Suddenly over the water came a challenge from the nearest vessel.

"Raft ahoy!"

Little Grim leaped upon one of the cotton bales and was about to reply, when there came a simultaneous volley from

each of the cruisers, and the air was filled with leaden missiles.

One of Wingate's followers fell dead beside the cannon, but the others were unhurt.

"Now, my boys, at them!" cried the gallant young captain, "and let every bullet find a British heart. Fire!"

There was not one among that gallant band of young patriots who had not been accustomed to handling a gun from infancy, and they were all unerring marksmen.

Discharge after discharge came from over the tops of the cotton bales, as the raft drifted yet nearer and nearer to the vessels of war, and while their volleys were having a telling effect upon the crew of the nearest cruiser, not one of the young partisans had been touched, except that one victim of the first fire.

The range was, however, becoming terribly and menacingly short, and realizing that in a very few moments they would be so close that the enemy could fire over the top of the cotton defenses, Little Grim gave orders to remove the bales from the other side of the raft and pile them on top of those in front.

It was quickly accomplished, but two more of the gallant band fell to rise no more.

Nearer and nearer they came, until not more than fifty feet separated the raft from the nearest cruiser.

Suddenly, and just as Little Grim began to wonder what had become of Phil and the schooner, the loud report of a big gun sounded upon the far side of the ships of war.

This was the moment for which the young commander had been waiting.

Phil had arrived just in time; a moment sooner or a moment later would have interfered with the intrepid boy's plans.

The cannon with which the raft had been provided had not yet been fired, although it was loaded almost to the muzzle.

With a wild cheer of encouragement Little Grim leaped over the cotton bales, and at the risk of his life seized the cannon fuse.

They were now within twenty feet of the cruiser's side. The right moment had come!

He lighted the fuse hastily, and then with a wild spring was once more safely behind the cotton bales, while at the same moment the cannon went off with a loud report.

Its effect was terrific.

At such close quarters iron could not have resisted the awful violence of the discharge. What then could the wooden timbers of which the cruiser was constructed do against that terrible volley?

Nothing! A gaping hole was torn in the doomed vessel's side just at the water's edge, and the angry flood rushed relentlessly in with a roar like a mighty torrent.

At that instant the schooner's second gun was fired, and then with a loud cry of defiance and victory the gallant young men on the raft swarmed over the cruiser's side.

They were met at the rail by the crew of the man-of-war, or all that was left of them, and for an instant were repulsed.

But it was for an instant only, for first discharging their muskets as they leaped upon the rail and then turning them to use them as clubs, they sprang like a maddened horde full upon the bodies of the enemy.

It was a reckless thing to do, and would no doubt have proved fatal to the attacking party but for the well laid plans of Little Grim.

At the very instant when the brave band sprang from the rail upon the cruiser's deck Phil and his followers were coming over the other side. The enemy, thus caught between two fires, knew not what to do.

"Below with them—quick!" ordered Little Grim. "The fight is not over yet! Where's the other cruiser, Phil?"

"Sinking," cried Phil in reply.

"Below with the prisoners!" again ordered the young captain.

"We will drown like rats in a trap," shouted one of the prisoners, "for we are sinking also."

"Below with them!" cried the relentless commander, so properly named Grim. "There come the boats from the other cruiser. Below with them!"

They began crowding the recently surrendered crew toward the hatchways, when suddenly with a wild cry, they broke and ran for the rail, following each other like frightened sheep in their mad efforts to leap into the water, which they preferred to being shut up in the hold of a sinking ship.

It was exactly what Grim had hoped and expected would take place.

"Back to the schooner, Phil!" he ordered. "Cast loose and do your best to sink those boats. Don't let them board you, for they are too many!"

"All hands stand by to repel boarders!" he shouted, as soon as Phil and his men had disappeared over the side.

"Quick, some of you, to the galley, and bring up all the hot water you can find!"

In a moment all was in readiness to give the approaching boats a warm reception.

"Let no one fire until I give the word," ordered the young captain, "and make every shot tell!"

On came the boats swarming with men, for many of those who had leaped into the sea had been picked up and armed.

"Now comes the tug-of-war," thought Grim, as he watched them approach.

CHAPTER IV.

MORTAL COMBAT.

Little Grim and his followers who were awaiting the approach of the boats, ready to engage their occupants in mortal combat, felt that this was indeed to be the hardest and fiercest part of the fight.

Their approach on the raft had been so well planned and executed that the guns of the cruisers could not be brought to bear upon it in time to do any damage, but now the little band of enthusiastic patriots were located upon a ship which was fast settling in the water, which might indeed sink before the battle should be half ended; and every one of them realized that if such should prove to be the case, but few, if any of them, would escape with their lives, for those who would not be drawn down to death beneath the waves by the sinking vessel would be mercilessly put to death by the angry men in the boats who saw their stanch ship sinking before their eyes.

Then the dreadful moment came.

First there was a rattling discharge of musketry from the boats, which was quickly answered by the boys, and then the boats rowed up close to the vessel and cast their grappling hooks.

As soon as the hooks were cast over the rail, the boys seized the pails of hot water and darted to the sides, and in an instant more the series of yells that went up from the attacking boats told that the fiery liquid had been well aimed.

But though the deluge checked the boarders for an instant, it did not repel them, and in a moment more a score of heads appeared over the rails, and a score of infuriated men leaped upon the deck of the ill-fated vessel.

Then the fight began.

The boys had provided themselves with cutlasses from the ship's armament, and after the volley from their muskets, which they had saved until then, and which lessened the number of their adversaries, they charged upon the Britishers with a bravery born of the desperation of the moment.

Clash—clash—clash! sounded the weapons as they struck against each other, while every second a dull, sickening thud told that some one, either friend or foe, had been slain.

Little Grim fought like a tiger. He was always at the head of the command, and his iron nerves and sinews of steel stood him in good stead.

The boarding party were commanded by a young man but little older than himself, though larger, for he was of herculean frame.

Despite the desperation and ferocity with which the boys fought, they were being slowly but surely crowded back, or rather forward, toward the bow of the cruiser.

The two parties had been forced into one again, while the two sections of boarders had also amalgamated.

Inch by inch the brave young patriots contested the ground they were losing, but they were none the less being driven back, and Little Grim saw it.

He realized that the fight could not last long, as it was working, and saw that nothing but an accident could save them from being driven into the water, and either drowned or shot down while swimming away.

Where was Phil? Where was the schooner? The help and reinforcement that could come from the little vessel might turn the tide, but he feared that it would come too late.

Suddenly an idea occurred to him. The English leader, fighting like a demon in the front ranks of the enemy, was steadily pressing forward.

He held a cutlass in either hand, and seemed to wield them

both with equal skill. He fought as though he knew no fear, as though the excitement and danger of the combat were pleasures to him.

Cleaving the skull of his present opponent with a terrible blow, Little Grim, with a spring like a tiger, found himself face to face with the terrible young Englishman, but before their blades crossed he managed to shout so that his words were heard above the din of battle:

"I challenge you to fight me in single combat. Let the fighting cease, and if you kill me my men will surrender! Do you dare?"

It was a reckless thing for him to do, but his strength was far out of proportion to his size, and he was an accomplished swordsman.

The words had been heard by the men on both sides, so that when the Englishman cried in stentorian tones, "Agreed! Fall back, men, fall back!" the fighting ceased almost instantly.

In a moment more the noise of the battle was succeeded by a silence that seemed awful in its intensity.

"My brave followers," said Little Grim, "you have heard my proposal and his acceptance. Will you back me in my promise? If I fall you are to surrender unconditionally."

"Aye—aye!" came the hoarse response from a dozen throats; "and if he falls——"

The Englishman laughed as if the idea amused him.

"He won't," he said, "but if he should you will have to go on with the fight. It is only fair, for we had you whipped just now."

"Agreed!" cried Little Grim. "Come on, Sir English. I am ready."

The Englishman had cast aside one of his cutlasses, and when the young patriot shouted his defiance he sprang forward like a tiger as though expecting to crush his adversary at a single blow.

But the short stature and pale face of Little Grim had deceived him, for when the cutlass descended with a force sufficient to have cleaved open a skull of iron, it was met by the upraised blade of the brave young patriot and dexterously thrown to one side.

As quick as a flash the Englishman leaped away again, but he was not quick enough to avoid the stroke of Little Grim, which would have laid him on the deck with a broken head had not the Briton thrown up his sword-arm to ward off the blow.

As it was the young American's blade struck his adversary full upon the elbow, causing the arm to drop helpless at his side.

He was brave, however, for with a laugh of defiance he seized his cutlass in his left hand.

"Come on!" he cried, "this arm is just as good as the other!"

But he had learned a lesson. He had discovered that his opponent was not as insignificant as he had supposed, and accordingly he fought with more care and deliberation thereafter.

He had spoken the truth, however, when he had said that his left arm was just as good as his right, for as Little Grim rushed forward to follow up his success, his master strokes were met by the scintillating shield of the Englishman's cutlass, as perfect and as effectual as an immovable barrier would have been.

On and on they fought, neither one nor the other seeming to gain an advantage.

Now Little Grim would be crowded back for a little distance, slowly but surely, and then he would make some sudden and desperate attack, and in turn the Englishman would be forced to yield inch by inch.

Suddenly and without further warning, they were both thrown flat upon the deck, for the cruiser's stern sank beneath the waves, while the bow was high in the air.

CHAPTER V.

RESCUING THE ENEMY.

If the reader has ever seen a ship sink, he can realize the situation of Little Grim and the English officers as they stood upon the deck of the cruiser face to face with each other, yet neither offering to strike a blow.

Only the briefest moment was given them to think, but in that moment the heart of Little Grim spoke.

Close at hand was a small, empty watercask, being one of many that were to have been filled the following day, and as the cruiser made the first spasmodic dive, it began to roll along the deck.

Little Grim saw it, and recovering himself quickly, he

seized it with both arms, at the same time calling out to his late adversary:

"Here is a chance for your life! Hug the cask!"

The Britisher tried to, but his broken arm was useless, and he could not reach around it with the other.

"It's no use," he said; "I can't reach around it with one arm. Save yourself, youngster."

"No—no!" cried Grim, and then, just as they were diving beneath the sea, he loosened one arm from the cask and threw it around the Englishman's neck.

"Quick! Grab the cask with your good arm! Seize my hand over the top of it, or we are both lost!" he managed to cry.

The royal officer, seeing the chance that was offered him, took advantage of it just in the nick of time, for at almost the same instant they were drawn under the water.

Down—down—down they went. It seemed as though their descent never would stop.

There came a fierce buzzing in their ears. They felt an insane desire to open their mouths. Each felt that he was choking.

Suddenly, just as Little Grim knew that he could resist no longer, they shot up out of the water, their hands still locked together over the top of the cask.

Grim saw immediately that the Englishman was insensible, and he managed to pull upon the arm over the cask sufficiently hard to keep the unconscious man's head above water, and then he looked around for some sign of the schooner.

In a moment more he saw a small boat skimming over the water, and with all the effort he could muster he shouted:

"Boat ahoy!"

"Aye, aye!" came the cry in Phil's well-known voice. "Keep up a moment, and we will reach you!"

He saw the boat turn and make toward him as fast as lusty strokes could propel it.

The strain upon Little Grim's arm was terrible, and he felt that if the boat did not reach him in a moment more he must let go his hold.

The senseless burden he was supporting seemed during those awful moments to be made of lead.

"Quick!" he gasped; "I cannot hold out any longer. I——"

Strong arms seized him as he spoke, and he was dragged into the boat, while others grasped the Englishman and hauled him over the side in like manner.

Breathless, almost unconscious, the gallant young commander was taken aboard the schooner and borne to his cabin, where, by the aid of well applied stimulants, he was soon himself again.

In the meantime, the Englishman had not been treated less humanely.

Restoratives were applied, and he was wrapped in warm blankets, his arm having been rudely dressed in the meantime, and Phil, who had superintended the care that had been given him, was soon pleased to see that he was sleeping quietly.

Foss had gone upon deck as soon as his strength returned.

He found that fourteen of his men were missing. That is, five of his own crew, and nine of those who had accompanied the party who had provided the raft, among whom was brave Jack Wingate himself.

Those who were remaining begged to be allowed to join the schooner's crew, and so after satisfying himself that no others could be saved, the little vessel was headed once more for the open sea.

Aside from her own men, she bore six of the enemy who had been picked up after the last cruiser went down—for both were now at the bottom of the sea—and when the schooner's course had been set, and everything was in working order, Little Grim had them brought before him.

"Men," he said, "I have no personal malice toward any of you. You are my prisoners, and I can conduct you to prison, or I can set you free. It remains with you which of the two courses I pursue. Those of you who will come forward and take oath here upon this Bible never to bear arms again against my countrymen will be put ashore inside of two hours and allowed to go where you please. Those of you who refuse will be handed over to headquarters to be regularly exchanged."

There was a moment's exchange of remarks among the men, and then they came up in a body and took the oath, and not long afterward the schooner ran into a little bay, where, under shelter of a point, they were taken ashore in a small boat and left to find their way to the settlement, twelve miles below, as best they could.

The expedition had proven a success.

The few papers published at that time gave glowing accounts, largely drawn from the imagination, of how the mys-

terious black schooner had swooped down upon the two royal vessels and sunk them offhand with little or no effort—and ended their articles with:

"Whence comes this little schooner, and who is it who commands her? She is a friend in need, and is daily proving herself to be a friend in deed."

A paper that somehow reached the little rockbound retreat of the schooner contained this bit of news:

"Every commander in the royal navy has received a description of the unknown black schooner, with instructions to capture and sink her, and hang all on board without ceremony."

Little Grim smiled as he read it.

"First, you catch your rabbit, then cook it!" he muttered, "and they will never capture me."

Nevertheless the incident set him to thinking, and in a few moments he had evolved a plan which was to shroud his wonderful little vessel in greater mystery than ever.

Phi I was dispatched to the nearest settlement for the necessary articles, and as soon as they were procured, the work was begun.

It occupied several days, but was at last completed, and any one who was familiar with the little craft which had sailed into Rock Haven after the night attack upon the two royal cruisers would not have recognized her, as she made her way slowly out, a little less than a week later.

Why? Along her sides was a bright red stripe, and her sails were white.

CHAPTER VI.

A CARGO OF POWDER AND BALLS.

The brave English officer who had been rescued by Little Grim from a watery grave, was, by the time the schooner sailed again, as well as ever, except for the broken arm, which he, of course, still carried in a sling.

He had been kept below while the schooner was making her way through the Stew Pot, but when safely outside and far enough away so that he would not be likely to remember the locality, he was allowed on deck again.

His name was Cephas Lynn, and he was a first lieutenant in the royal navy at the time of his capture.

Beyond inquiring courteously after him, Little Grim had not troubled himself about him since the eventful night, but now, when he came upon deck, he bent his steps directly toward the gallant young patriot.

"Captain Grim," he said, "I have not had an opportunity until now to thank you for saving my life at the risk of your own."

"No thanks are necessary," replied Grim, sententiously. "I am almost sorry that I did save you."

"Why so?"

"Because I don't know what to do with you now that I have got you."

"Why not set me at liberty on parole? I will give my word of honor not to take up arms again, unless regularly exchanged."

"There is a difficulty even in that," returned Little Grim.

"What is it?"

"You would not be bound. I am a free lance, you know, what your countrymen call a pirate, and sail and make war upon English vessels without authority other than my own. As soon as you placed your foot inside the British lines, they would tell you that you were not bound by your promise to me."

"That would not change my own opinion."

"Would you then adhere to such a promise given to me?"

"I would. Nay, more—I will put it in words. I promise you, Captain Grim, that if you set me free, I will make my way immediately to the British admiral and report to him that I am a prisoner on parole, and I further promise you that I will not take up arms against your country again until I have been regularly exchanged with an officer of equal grade with myself. Here is my hand, and it is the hand of a man of honor."

Little Grim grasped it warmly, and as he did so he noticed a slight tattoo mark upon the Englishman's wrist which caused him to start with surprise, for he knew of another exactly like it upon another person.

Lynn saw the start of surprise and asked its cause.

"Nothing particular," replied Grim, evasively. "I fancied that I recognized that tattoo mark upon your wrist, but I was mistaken, of course."

The mark referred to was the representation of two hands clasped together, and was very neatly executed.

"Oh, that!" said Lynn. "It was put there by a servant in

our family when I was a lad of six years, so I doubt if you have seen it before, as I have never been in this country until a month ago. I had a sister then who was four years younger than I, and the same servant put the same mark upon her, only upon the right wrist, mine being upon the left. You probably would not have noticed it if my right arm were not in this sling, thus forcing me to extend my left hand to you."

"You say you had a sister then. May I inquire if you lost her?"

"Yes—she died just before she was five years old."

"Died?"

"Yes—she was drowned. She disappeared from home, and for several days we searched everywhere for her, and it was believed that she had fallen in the river, as her hat and one of her playthings were found upon the bank. She——"

"Sail ho!"

The cry came from the bow of the schooner, and in an instant Little Grim had forgotten everything else.

"Where away?" he cried, starting hastily forward.

"Three points off of the starboard bow."

"A brig, and she is bearing down upon us."

"Let her come. What flag does she show?"

"None."

"Good! An Englishman in search of us. She will find us presently. Keep the same course," he added to the man at the wheel.

"All hands clear for action!" he ordered again in a moment, and immediately there was bustle and confusion which quickly subsided when everything was in readiness.

Large pieces of white tarpaulin covered the two big guns at either end of the little vessel, and these were unlashed, although not removed, yet so arranged that they could be pulled off instantly when the order came.

It will be remembered that the schooner was in disguise, being dressed up in white sails an encircled by a red stripe. She showed no colors at her topmast, and it was not probable that the approaching brig would recognize her.

"There go her colors!" suddenly came the shout from the bow. "She is an English brig-of-war."

"How many guns?"

"Eight, I make it."

"Good!"

Then, turning to Phil, he ordered:

"Run up the English flag!"

It was done immediately, and the two vessels drew gradually nearer to each other.

Suddenly a puff of smoke issued from the brig's side, followed by the boom of a cannon.

"She wants us to lay to," muttered Little Grim. "Forward, there!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Phil!"

"Ay, ay."

"Go to the bow gun, work it around without moving the covers, so as to rake the brig fore and aft. I'll manage this one myself. When I say 'Fire!' let 'em have it hard."

"Ay, ay."

Slowly the two vessels drew nearer together, the schooner being beautifully maneuvered in order to gain the desired position under the brig's stern.

"Mr. Lynn," said Grim, suddenly, "you had better go below."

"Certainly, if you insist; but if you will permit me I would like to remain on deck."

"So be it, but do not utter a word for your life!"

In a moment more the sails were flapping, and the schooner had been brought to a standstill precisely in the position Little Grim had ordered.

"Aboard the schooner!" came the cry from the brig.

"Ay, ay!"

"Who are you?"

"Schooner Sea Foam from Southampton."

"Whither bound?"

"For New York."

"Any cargo?"

"Ay, ay!"

"What is it?"

"Powder and balls."

"Eh? What? Ammunition?"

"Ay—ay! Powder and balls. Our orders are to burn the powder and only deliver the balls."

The officer aboard the brig was evidently puzzled by the answers he received, for after a moment's silence he said:

"Lay to till further orders, and I'll send an officer aboard. Have you seen anything of a schooner with black sails?"

"Ay, ay!"

"Where, then?"

"Here!"

Instantly the red stripe, which was of canvas and fastened on temporarily, fell away, revealing the dead black hull. At the same moment the "white halyards" were let go, loosening a mass of sheeting which incased the black sails, which dropped to the booms, revealing the somber wings in all their gloom and menace.

Before the astonished captain of the brig could utter a word, Little Grim had leaped to his gun and sighted it.

Then, shouting the order to fire to Phil at the bow gun, two deafening reports broke upon the air, and two heavy iron missiles were sent upon their merciless errands toward the brig.

CHAPTER VII.

A CHIVALROUS ACT

As soon as the two guns discharged their projectiles at the brig, Grim's orders rang out sharp and clear.

Each one of his crew knew his place perfectly, and obeyed his voice as clock-work answers to the main-spring.

"Forward there!" he cried. "Out with the jib-boom! Shove her out! Away out! Man the sweeps! Quick! Pull star-board sweeps—pull! Good! The wind takes her."

The fore and main booms swung out over the lee rail, the sails bellying to the wind, and the little schooner began to gather headway, at first very slowly, but gradually quickening.

The gallant little craft, answering to the pressure, started ahead like a thing of life, and in less than five minutes from the time of the firing of the guns, the schooner was under full headway, bounding away over the water like a swan.

On the other hand, the brig had not yet caught the wind in all her sails, and was only creeping through the water at a snail's pace.

"We shall be out of range almost before she gets a shot at us," said Grim to Lieutenant Lynn. "What do you think of my maneuver?"

"I think it a very smart one," responded the British officer, "and one that will convince his majesty of a thing I have been advocating ever since I came into these waters."

"What is that?"

"That there should be a long gun at the stern as well as at the bow of our cruisers. If the brig had possessed a gun on her after-deck, such as I know she has got forward, she could have sunk you."

"Then she has a good gun forward, has she?" asked Grim.

"I will let her answer for herself, captain, for there comes a shot from it."

Sure enough, a puff of smoke issued from over the bow of the brig, which had by that time worn around so that it could be used, and a minute later a dull boom came over the waters to them, closely followed by a ball which passed ten feet over the deck between the fore and main masts and struck the water fully an eighth of a mile beyond.

"The gun is better than their gunners," remarked Little Grim, carelessly; and then turning to Phil who had just joined them, he added:

"We can beat them shooting, eh?"

"I think so," replied Phil. "Shall we try?"

"Yes; give 'em a shot."

which had been reloaded in the meantime, and in a moment more had fired.

Nothing loath, Phil repaired immediately to the stern-chaser,

All three watched the effect of the shot anxiously, and at least two of them were gratified that the young captain's boast had not been without cause, for the ball struck the brig's rail, knocking out a piece as big as a hogshead, and evidently doing some damage among the crew.

"What say you, lieutenant," said Little Grim; "can we not give your people a few lessons in target practice?"

The young Englishman bit his lip in vexation.

"Your shot was certainly the best," he replied; "but wait."

"Boom!" came a second report from the bow-gun of the brig, and this time the aim was better, for the ball was aimed lower and whizzed past the mainmast with not more than six inches to spare.

"They are improving, that's a fact! I wish I owned that gun. It is much better than mine."

"Boom!" came the third report, and this time the cap of the main boom of the schooner was carried away, doing no real damage, but showing that the gunner aboard the brig was aiming better and better all the while.

"They mean business, anyway," muttered the young captain. "If one of those balls hit a mast squarely we'll have nothing to do but stop and fight it out."

"Do you notice another thing?" asked the Britisher.

"What?"

"That the brig is gaining on you?"

For several moments little Grim remained silent.

"I believe you are right, Mr. Lynn," he said finally. "She is a new craft in these waters, is she not?"

"Yes."

"Sent here for me?"

"Precisely. Her orders are contained in four words."

"And those are——"

"Capture the black schooner."

"Ah!"

"Shall I tell you something more, Captain Grim?"

"If you will, yes."

"I was only awaiting her arrival to go aboard of her and assume command."

"Ah—then you had lately been promoted, and I have deprived his royal highness of a first-class captain. I am sorry, Mr. Lynn, for your sake, and glad for mine. Is the gun ready, Phil?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"See if you can knock away one of the brig's sails. She carries a little too much canvas, and is gaining on us."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Phil was a long time in sighting the piece, but at last a loud report told that the gun had been fired, and in a moment more the stay-foresail aboard the brig came tumbling in a heap upon the deck.

"Well done, Phil!" cried Little Grim. "That will just about slacken her speed enough, and when they bend on another, we'll shorten sail for 'em again."

The brave young commander was pondering over what the British officer had told him, for a sudden and chivalrous idea had occurred to him, which he was rapidly making up his mind to carry out.

Suddenly he turned once more to Lynn.

"Mr. Lynn," he said, "I have an odd thing to propose to you, and I make the proposal solely because I have taken a liking to you, as I feel you have to me."

The British officer bowed.

"You are right," he said. "Were it not for the difference in our political faith we should become great friends."

"The proposal I have to make is this: you are the rightful captain of yonder brig, and through the fortunes of war you have been deprived of her command, which must be a great disappointment to you."

"You are right, Captain Grim; it is the greatest disappointment of my life."

"Very well; suppose I should put you upon her quarter deck?"

"First you will have to capture her," smiled Lynn, "and I doubt if you can do that."

"Perhaps not, but that is not my present meaning. Yonder," pointing to the schooner's bow, "is a dingy into which I will put you and send you afloat, if you will run the risk of being picked up by the brig and will accept the conditions I will make."

"What are they?"

"That you will pursue me until either you capture me or I you, and that you will never on any account abandon the chase. If you capture me, and I am not killed in the fight, I will swear never to take up arms against King George again. If the situation should be reversed and you should be captured, you are to make a like oath respecting my country. If you are victorious and I am killed, you will live up to the terms of the parole I proposed to you this morning."

"Agreed!" cried Lynn. "I would be a fool not to accept, for the odds are on my side. Give me the dingy and set me afloat. The brig will pick me up, and I will sink the mysterious black schooner, and by exacting the oath you promise, will forever rid the seas of one of his majesty's most dreaded and venturesome enemies. Put me into the dingy, Captain Grim, and we will part as friends to meet again soon in battle. From my heart I thank you for your chivalry, and whenever a countryman of yours falls into my hands, your memory shall recommend him to me in all things."

CHAPTER VIII.

"SHE WILL FOLLOW TO HER DOOM!"

In a very few moments after the conversation between Little Grim and the British officer, as recorded in the last chapter, the small dingy could be seen bobbing like a cork over the waves between the two vessels, while standing upright in it

was the figure of Captain Lynn, waving a handkerchief, which was made in imitation of the English flag.

Little Grim and Phil watched the dingy as it danced away behind them, and noticed that from the time it had been lowered the brig had not fired a shot.

"That is promising, anyway," said Phil. "Perhaps they will pick him up, after all, though I did not think they would when you first suggested the idea."

Both the schooner and the brig were flying through the water at an unusually rapid rate, for there was a stiff breeze blowing, amounting to what sailors call "half a gale," and therefore it did not take long for the brig to cover the distance between her and the spar where the dingy had been cast loose from the schooner.

Grim took his glass and watched every event which happened.

Presently he saw an officer leap into the rigging of the brig with a trumpet in his hand, and although he could not, of course, hear what was said, he knew that the usual hails were being exchanged.

Suddenly the brig came up into the wind sharply, and those on board the schooner could see Lynn pulling with all his strength toward the cruiser.

"They are going to pick him up," said Little Grim, laying aside his glass. "It is exactly what I wanted, and now if I don't capture that brig before another morning dawns, I will be dead and the schooner at the bottom of the sea. When Lynn said he would never abandon the chase, he pronounced the doom of yonder brig, and by the flag I float I swear that the gun she carries at her bow will belong to my schooner before we are twenty-four hours older."

"Now, Phil, to your gun. Cripple them all you can, for the brig is fast, and I don't want her to get any closer. See! They are resetting their stay-foresail now."

The little dingy was just being raised over the brig's side as Phil's gun spoke, and both he and Little Grim strained their eyes to see where the shot took effect.

The ball struck the bow-sprit about ten feet from the end, carrying it away bodily, and carrying with it both the balloon-jib and the flying-jib.

At that moment another shot from the Englishman came galloping over the sea, and striking the schooner on the star-board quarter, bored a hole through the wood-work as clean as a conductor's punch perforates a ticket.

"I'll wager that Lynn fired that shot himself," muttered Grim, as he gave the necessary orders for repairing the damage done by the shot. "Give him another, Phil. Let the sails alone now, and try for that gun. Our only danger now lies in that. I believe Lynn is as good a marksman as you are, and if we are not careful he will cripple us, and I don't relish having a hand-to-hand fight with that fellow. He's got too many men for us."

Bang!

The ball from Phil's gun, after just kissing the crests of several waves, buried itself in the brig's bow, and did no perceptible damage.

Boom—m!

In a minute more there was a loud crash, and the schooner's wheel was mashed to splinters, while the youth who was handling the spokes fell without a sound or a sigh, his earthly career forever ended, and Little Grim, who was standing near, was grazed by a flying splinter.

"Ship the tiller! Lively, boys, lively!" cried the doughty young captain, himself seizing hold of that useful article and assisting his men to put it into place.

It was so quickly done that the gallant little vessel did not fall off a point, and, therefore, lost not an atom of her headway.

"Are you ready, Phil?" cried Grim.

"Ay, ay!"

"Then put this shot just between your last two, and we've got them. As soon as you fire I will bring her head up into the wind a little, and we will creep further away from them."

Bang!

"Glorious!" they both cried in one breath.

It was a magnificent shot, for the ball, after just grazing the top of the brig's bow rail, struck the gun carriage behind it and shattered it into a thousand pieces.

"Magnificent!" ejaculated Little Grim. "We will have no more to fear from that gun during this chase, for it would take their entire crew a whole day to remount it. I feel easier now, for ever since Lynn climbed aboard of the brig they have been making it very warm for us with that gun, for sure! I have a plan which will place them in a hole."

"Tell me your plan, Foss."

"Not now, Phil. Wait a little, and you will guess it."

"Shall I continue firing?"

"No; save your powder, for we won't have need to use much more against that brig. I am going to give her a broadside from the guns which nature cast along this coast presently, and if they don't sink her nothing can."

"Ah! I see—the Stew Pot."

"No, not the Stew Pot—something worse. But you have guessed the riddle. All I ask is that the brig does not give up the chase, and I am satisfied that she will not so long as we keep in sight."

"Which you propose to do, eh?"

"Ay! until we see her go to pieces on the Porcupine. Now do you see through my stratagem, Phil? I tell you, man, the brig is as good as ours now. Let her follow, and as sure as I am fighting for a cause I love, she will follow to her doom!"

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE TRAP

When Little Grim mentioned the "Porcupine," Phil at once understood how his captain meant to capture the brig, for he saw that it was by leading her into a snare which the most cautious mariner would fail to discover until too late.

Four miles to the north of the little bay called the Stew-pot, and nearly three miles out in the sea, were situated two islands known as the "Twins." There was a channel between them fully half a mile in width, which was navigable when the tide was high for vessels of ordinary draught, but at low tide there was but one place in the whole half mile where a vessel could pass through without striking, and in order to do so she must necessarily be very narrow in her beam.

The twin islands were connected by a reef extending from one to the other, hence their name.

At low tide the top of this reef was but three feet under water, except at a point exactly in the middle of the channel, where some convulsion of nature had split it open, leaving a space but little more than fifteen feet wide, which descended in the form of the letter V.

In this "V" there was plenty of room and a depth of water for the schooner to pass through in safety, but for a vessel of the brig's size it was worse than hopeless for her to try it, for even should she succeed in following the schooner's course so literally as to thrust her prow exactly in the center of the rock fracture, she must necessarily, owing to her width, come in contact with the jagged rocks upon either side, and find herself wedged tightly in, with no hope of escaping, until the angry water should dash her in pieces.

To those who were at all familiar with the locality, this reef was known as the "Porcupine," and when Little Grim mentioned the name, a flood of light burst upon Phil.

On they flew like two great sea birds, the one in advance seeming, with her black sails and red flag, like a bird of ill omen leading the other to despair.

"Lynn is walking right into the trap," muttered Little Grim, as he stood on the after-deck, narrowly watching the pursuing vessel.

Both were silent now, for after the failure of his last shot to reach the schooner Lynn had desisted, and preferred to keep doggedly on, hoping that they might fall in with another one of His Majesty's vessels, which would head the schooner off.

He half suspected that it was the intention of Little Grim to lead him into some snare if he could, but he did not once imagine the nature of that snare.

It was a sail that he was looking for, and he supposed that the young patriot knew, or thought he knew, where one or more American vessels might be cruising, and sought to capture him, by obtaining some such assistance as that.

So he posted his look-out with orders to acquaint him with the first sign of a strange sail and kept up the chase persistently.

"Land ho!" suddenly called the lookout from the main-top.

"Where away?" cried Captain Lynn, leaping into the rigging, glass in hand.

There was no need to ask "where away?" for the whole coast line was now plainly visible in the distance, while straight ahead of them loomed two large, wood-covered islands, with a broad channel between.

"The schooner is making for the channel between the islands," remarked the first officer of the brig to his captain.

"So I see," returned Lynn. "He means to try to dodge us by slipping through there, and he can do it if there is not water enough for us to follow."

"Looks as though there was water enough for a full-rigged ship," said the first officer, regarding the channel earnestly.

"It does, surely. Go to the bow, Mr. Simmons, and mark every change in the schooner's course. We will follow in their very wake, and by using them as our pilot, we will be all right. Take a man with you to cast the lead."

Lynn followed his officer to the bow in order to watch the schooner's course himself as well, feeling confident that in such a broad and deep-looking channel as the one ahead, if there was water enough for the schooner to pass, there was water enough for the brig.

On they sped, with their white and black wings respectively spread open to catch every particle of wind that was blowing.

"Straight through the middle she goes," remarked the first officer.

"There she tacks!" cried the man in the maintop, referring to the little black schooner, which, having passed safely through the narrow channel, had now dropped off a little so that her sails would catch the wind, and then came about like a bird and stood off on the other tack.

Nearer and nearer the brig approached the channel, and in a few moments more she had passed into it.

The man with the lead began to cast his line, and his monotonous voice could be heard crying:

"No soundings—no soundings!"

"Water enough here, surely!" muttered Lynn.

Nearer and nearer yet, and still that cry:

"No soundings!"

At last the brig's prow was thrust exactly into the "V," and at that very moment came the cry:

"No soundings!"

But the voice which gave it utterance had not ceased to vibrate among the shrouds and rigging when there came a sudden grating sound, followed instantly by a loud and terrible crash, and the brig stood stock still, trembling in every timber, like a thing of life which had received a fatal blow.

Her masts went by the boards with a noise of thunder, and the people on her decks could hear the water rushing into her hold in a mighty torrent.

"To the boats—to the boats!" shouted the frantic sailors, and without waiting for orders they made one mad rush for the last chance of saving their lives before the ship should go down.

But Lynn was equal to the emergency.

Drawing a revolver from his belt, he sprang forward with fire gleaming in his eyes.

"Back!" he cried. "The first man who attempts to lower a boat I will shoot like a dog. Don't you see that we are wedged in here and cannot sink? The schooner has led us into a trap. Quick! to the guns, for she will return, and let us be ready to receive her like men! Out with the tackle! Get all the guns on deck you can, for we are not whipped yet!"

His words and his courage had the desired effect, and the men set to work with a will, and gun after gun was hauled up on deck by willing hands at the pulley-ropes.

None too soon, for just as the fourth gun came through the hatchway the schooner came into view around the bluff.

CHAPTER X.

A LETTER OF DEFIANCE

As the schooner gradually drew nearer, sailing under foresail and jib only, Little Grim stood upon the bow, carefully examining the wrecked brig through his glass.

"I believe Lynn is going to make a fight for it even now," he said, turning to Phil. "He has managed to get four of his guns on deck, and now he is going to make a stand."

"Jump into a small boat, Phil," he added a moment later, "and carry a flag of truce to within speaking distance of the brig."

"Ay, ay!"

"Tell Lynn that if he will surrender every man alive of them can go free by making the same promise I exacted of him."

"Ay, ay, sir."

In a few moments more the small boat was under way, carrying a flag of truce.

"Boat ahoy!" came the cry from the brig as soon as it had approached within hailing distance. "What do you want? Stop where you are and deliver your message, for, if it is to ask me to strike my colors, save your breath, for I shall refuse."

A hearty cheer went up from the deck of the brig, showing that the men were in full sympathy with their captain.

Phil repeated the directions given him by Little Grim, and was met by a flat refusal.

"You stand no chance against us," replied Phil, "for we can keep out of range of your guns and hit you with ours every time."

"Try it," came the defiant reply.

"Then you refuse?"

"I do."

"So be it."

The small boat turned and rowed hastily back toward the schooner, and Little Grim understood by a preconcerted signal agreed upon between him and Phil that his proposition had been declined.

Accordingly, while the little boat was rowing toward him, he got everything in readiness, and no sooner was it drawn over the side before his sails came down with a rush, and the schooner's sweeps began to work, propelling her out once more toward the bluff.

But as soon as she began to move, there came a puff of smoke and a loud report from the deck of the brig, and three of the sweeps on the port side were shot away, while a second ball struck the already crippled boom where it had been braced by the extra sweep and broke it squarely in two pieces.

Then the fight began in dead earnest, and the long gun at the stern was loaded and discharged as rapidly as it could be done, every shot taking effect somewhere in the ill-fated brig.

The use of the sweeps was not discontinued until the schooner had been drawn off far enough so that the balls from the brig's guns had spent their force before they reached her.

Nevertheless an occasional shot struck them and more or less damage was done, though none that could not be readily and easily repaired.

On the other hand, the schooner's fire was terrific and did terrible execution, for Phil's incomparable marksmanship was never more fully brought out than during that strange and unequal battle.

The fight had been going on for two hours or more, when suddenly Little Grim realized that the brig had ceased firing.

"Either their powder is wet and they have used up all they could save from the water, or this is a stratagem to draw us nearer," he said. "In either case, I am going to run up closer to them."

The sweeps began to work again, and the schooner drew nearer to the brig.

Still no shot came from her to meet the advancing foe. Nay, more! Not a soul could be seen upon her deck.

She had careened over somewhat, and two of her guns were lying on their sides, either dismounted by the schooner's merciless fire, or thrown over by the violence of the jolt when the brig leaned over.

"There is not a soul aboard of her, I believe," muttered Little Grim. "Order out the boats, Phil, and we will go aboard of her."

This was soon done, and in a few moments more the greater part of the schooner's crew were swarming over the brig's side.

It was as Grim had expected—the crew of the brig had quietly taken to the boats, and concealed by the heavy smoke that hung between the two vessels, had made their way unperceived to one of the Twin islands.

But which one?

There was no way to reply to the question, and Little Grim, after thinking the matter over for a moment, decided to make no effort to capture them.

"They can make their way from the islands to the coast, and I have no taste for prisoners, anyway, so let them go. As for Lynn, he is bound to accept the term of parole I proposed to him, for he can no longer pursue me, that is certain."

"Don't forget the gun, captain," remarked Phil, referring to the long gun which the brig had carried at her bow, and which had proved itself to be a most superior piece of ordnance.

They immediately set to work removing it from the brig to the deck of the schooner, and just as the shades of night were beginning to fall the work was accomplished. It had yet to be mounted, and they would be obliged to return to Rock Haven to do that.

"A perfect beauty!" exclaimed Phil, when he came to examine it.

So it was.

Little Grim and Phil made a tour of the brig before they left it for good, and, although the powder in the magazine was wet and, therefore, spoiled and useless, they secured a good supply of balls of the right size for their two guns as well as for the one they had just captured.

Several instruments belonging to the science of navigation they also took with them, and, having sent the long boat away, they were about to follow in the other, when a piece of paper,

tacked to the bulkhead in the cabin, attracted Little Grim's attention.

Removing it, he saw that it was a message from Lynn: It was as follows:

"CAPTAIN GRIM.—You have triumphed this time, but I still have the privilege of pursuing you to the bitter end. I shall return to my admiral and report, and then shall ask permission to be detailed for the sole purpose of hunting you and your schooner to the bottom of the sea. That, I believe, will be in accordance with the terms of our compact, and so, unless you pursue and capture me upon one of these islands, where I am about to retreat, we will meet again, when perhaps you may not be as fortunate as you were this time.

"It is a duel between us now, and if you win, it will be because you are the better man.

"I shall ask no quarter, nor give it, and I only crave the privilege of once more standing face to face with you, broadsword in hand, that we may finish the fight which the sinking of the cruiser ended between us so suddenly, a week ago.

"LYNN."

CHAPTER XI.

DISLOYALTY AND TREASON

Young Captain Lynn after deserting the brig on the back of the Porcupine, where it was shortly afterward set afire by Little Grim and destroyed, made his way, accompanied by the few men he had left to him, ten in all, to the island on the north side of the channel.

There he remained until the schooner had repaired what little damage she had sustained, and had spread her wings and sailed away, when he once more caused his boats to be launched and pulled for the coast line.

The fugitives reached there without incident, and when once more their feet were upon terra firma, Lynn called his men around him and said:

"Comrades, we have escaped with our lives, and now all that is left for us to do is to make our way to some loyal garrison from whence we can get back to our posts and our duty.

"Let each man select his own course and pursue it alone, and should two of you happen to meet before you are safely inside our lines, follow my advice and let there be no recognitions exchanged."

They one and all saw the philosophy of his reasoning, and having come to a decision among themselves, set out one by one an hour apart.

At last Lynn found himself alone, and after waiting an entire day in solitude, he, too, started to make his way to the British lines.

He knew that his journey was full of peril, but he had formed a resolution, and in order to carry it out, he would have gone through fire, had it become necessary.

Simmons, his first officer, and the one who had been in command of the brig when Lynn went aboard, had been the last to depart before him, and the young British officer had fancied that a coldness had existed between them ever since the disaster to their vessel.

That he came later on to realize it will be seen.

We will not follow the brave Englishman during the two weeks that he traveled by night and by day, subsisting upon such food as he could get by hook or by crook; but one morning, just as the sun was rising, he arrived in Boston, which was, at the time, in the hands of the English, and headquarters for that division of the British army and navy.

He made his way straight to the commander of the port, who, much to his astonishment, received him as though he had been expected.

In as few words as possible Lynn related the chapter of accidents and reverses he had met with since the night attack upon the two cruisers at anchor, when he had been taken prisoner.

His superior officer heard him calmly to the end, never once offering to question him, and manifesting a coldness which amounted almost to irony and evidence of disbelief.

This became so apparent by the time Lynn had finished his story that he became incensed by it, and exclaimed, rather angrily:

"Do you not believe my story, sir?"

"Have I said that I doubted it?" returned the haughty superior officer.

"No, sir."

"Very well, I say so now. Mr. Lynn, you have been accused of desertion and treason by your first officer Simmons and two of your men. It is believed that it was through information

given by you and through your own dastardly conduct in playing the traitor that we have lost three of our best cruisers to that insignificant schooner, hardly big enough to act as a small boat for one of them."

Lynn was thunderstruck. He had no words to say in reply to the infamous charge. He could only stand, dazed and speechless, before the man who seemed to take pleasure in making the accusation.

"Well, have you nothing to say?" was the question thundered at him a moment later.

"No, sir, nothing," returned Lynn, calmly; "at least, not here. Am I to consider myself under arrest?"

"Yes, sir, you are!"

"And the charge against me is——?"

"High treason."

"Ah!"

Had a blow stricken Cephas Lynn at full length upon the floor, his every sense could not have been more benumbed.

He turned without a word, but was brought to a sudden standstill by the sharp voice of his tormentor saying sternly:

"Wait. You will leave the room only under guard."

Then it was that the young Englishman found his voice.

"I will not wait," he said grimly. "I will go myself to the guard-house, for its bare walls and the disgrace it brings are better than being in your company, sir. I can readily see that there is no hope for me; that you, who have always disliked me, and Simmons, who is jealous, have conspired to bring me to this. You, sir, are more a traitor than am I, for you are seeking to deprive King George of a faithful servant. But let me tell you that you will not succeed. I shall still serve him as I have always done, with my life and with my blood."

And he turned to go, but again came the order to halt, and as he turned he saw that his enemy was holding a pistol in his hand, and pointing it directly at his heart.

"I dare you to fire!" exclaimed Lynn, flames of passion fairly leaping from his blazing eyes, and he began slowly to approach the older officer.

"If you attempt to leave the room, I will kill you!" returned the other, coldly.

Those words were the last he uttered for a long time, for Lynn had gained a point where his long left arm could reach the pistol extended in his traducer's hand.

With a movement like lightning, his arm swung around, dashing the pistol away to the further side of the room, and with a spring like a tiger, the now thoroughly enraged young Englishman leaped upon the man before him, bearing him down beneath his great weight, and at the same time shutting his fingers tightly upon his throat.

The young giant's right arm was still in the sling, but it seemed to make no difference to him, or to render no less hopeless the struggles of the port officer, which were, with every instant, growing fainter and weaker, until they finally ceased altogether, and he lay like one dead upon the floor.

"You would have it," muttered Lynn, as, with great scorn in his eyes, he regarded the fallen man before him. "I would have gone to the guard-house as I said, but now I will escape if I can."

"Escape! To what? To keep my oath made to Captain Grim, for I will keep it. That this cowardly brute is my superior officer and forces me into becoming a fugitive and an outlaw shall not deter me from doing my duty. No, no, I will prove by my record hereafter that Cephas Lynn is loyal and true to his country and his king, let serpents like this say what they will."

Hastily taking a cloak and hat from their places on the wall, and turning the collar up around his face he left the room and hurried away.

It was to the house of a patriot that he made his way, and that patriot was a woman, a widow, with one beautiful daughter, whose devotion to the cause of her country was as fascinating as her face.

Lynn had, early in his American career, performed a service for the widow in aiding her to obtain a privilege she craved of his commanding officer, and ever since that he had been received with pleasure under her roof, notwithstanding his hostility to the cause she loved so well.

It was the daughter who admitted him when he struck the brass knocker on the door, and he lost no time in relating to her his entire story.

CHAPTER XII.

AN UNKNOWN FLAG.

We will now leap over a period covering a little more than three months from the time when Cephas Lynn presented himself at the house of the patriot widow.

The month of September was on the wane when the gallant little black schooner, still unscathed by the ravages of war, was sailing placidly along under the influence of a fresh breeze.

"Sail ho!" suddenly came the cry from her masthead.

"Where away?" cried Phil, who was on deck at the time.

"Three points off the starboard bow."

"What is she?"

"Schooner—about the same size as ourselves."

"Speak the strange schooner and find out where she hails from."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

At that moment Little Grim appeared on the deck, and being acquainted with all that had just happened, signified his approval.

The black schooner shot rapidly ahead, for she was a wonderfully fast little vessel, and those on board were surprised to see that the strange sail was bearing down upon them.

"We've got our mask on," remarked Phil, referring to the white sheeting which hid the black sails from view, "and not knowing us she, of course, doesn't fear us. What do you make her out, Grim?"

"I don't know. She is too neat for a fishing vessel and too small for an English cruiser, although this may be another attempt to capture us."

"Ah, there goes her colors!" he added a moment later.

"Hello! By Jove! I say, Phil, did you ever hear of that flag before?"

"Never! Can you see anything on it?"

"No; it is nothing but a plain white field without a distinguishing mark except the black border around it."

"Suppose we show her our colors?"

"Very well."

"Let down the sheeting and run up the flag, and I'll wager that she will come about and show as clean a pair of heels as she knows how."

"Down with the masks!" cried Phil. "Hoist the colors."

It was the work of but a moment when the black schooner stood revealed in all her menacing beauty.

But much to the surprise of all those aboard of her, the strange schooner, which was painted white to the water's edge, which was, in short, as white as the other was black, kept steadily on her course, never varying or changing it the slightest degree.

"She evidently means to speak us," remarked Little Grim, regarding her earnestly for some time. "Send a shot across her bow, and let her lay to. I don't want her to come too close in that dare-devil sort of way, for it smells strongly of a trap of some kind. She may be a fire ship sent out to wreck us, or she may be loaded down with heavy ordnance."

A round shot was soon skipping over the water toward the strange schooner, passing fully an eighth of a mile in front of her, and finally plunging out of sight in the sea.

The order was instantly obeyed, for the strange vessel at once came up into the wind and waited for the other to approach.

"Get the long gun sighted," ordered Grim, referring to the one which had been taken from the brig, "and if she shows any signs of hostility put a ball clean through her at the water line."

"She's lowering a boat," remarked Phil, just as he was about to obey the last order.

True enough, a boat was being lowered over her side, and in a moment more it struck out, while in the stern could be seen a man waving a white flag.

"Lay to!" ordered Little Grim. "It is a flag of truce. Let us wait here for the boat, and hear what they have got to say."

The little boat bounded rapidly over the waves, propelled by four powerful oarsmen.

"Look at that fellow in the stern," suddenly exclaimed Little Grim. "Do you recognize him, Phil?"

"By Jove! it is Lynn, surely."

Grim nodded assent, for he had recognized the brave Englishman instantly, and for once in his life he was puzzled.

Meanwhile the small boat from the white schooner was drawing nearer and nearer.

"Ahoy there!" cried Little Grim, as soon as it was close enough to hail.

"Ay, ay!"

"What schooner is that?"

"The Noname."

"Where does she hail?"

"From nowhere."

"Who is her commander?"

"Cephas Lynn, at your service."

"Of the royal navy?"

"No, Cephas Lynn, nothing more."

"Royalist still, eh?"

"Ay, ay!"

"Whither bound?"

"In search of the mysterious black schooner."

"Well, you have found her. What do you want?"

"I wish to talk with Captain Grim."

"Will you come aboard?"

"Ay, ay!"

"Good! Come on."

In a few moments more the small boat had pulled up alongside, and Cephas Lynn was climbing aboard the vessel he had left in such a strange way but a little less than four months before.

Little Grim shook him warmly by the hand, and, inviting Phil to follow, led the way to the cabin.

"Now tell me," he said to Lynn, as soon as they were seated, "what brings you here in this strange way?"

"I am looking for you."

"To fight?"

"Yes; nothing else. Do you remember an oath I took in your presence that I would never give up the chase?"

"I do."

"Well, here I am. I have found you at last, and now we will fight it out with our two little vessels."

And then the Englishman began at the time he had parted with Little Grim, and gave him a detailed account of all that had happened to him since. He told him how he had found refuge in the house of a patriot until his arm was well, and how he had after that, by using his personal means, possessed himself of the white schooner, which he had armed and manned for the expedition which he believed would soon terminate one way or the other.

"We will fight it out now, Captain Grim," he said, "and I warn you that you cannot outsail me, and that I probably possess the best guns, to say nothing of six or eight more men than you have got."

"Bah! that is nothing," replied Little Grim, snapping his fingers. "What is your proposal?"

"This. I will return to my schooner, and we will beth get under weigh. Then the battle will begin, and it is to be fought out to a finish, until one of us surrenders or is sunk."

"Agreed, Lynn. There is my hand, and may the best cause in this fight be victorious. Return to your schooner, and when you are ready send a shot at me. I will return it with interest, as sure as my name is Little Grim."

They shook hands warmly and parted.

As Lynn was descending over the side, Little Grim said:

"Something tells me that I will win, and by so doing gain your thanks as well as your esteem."

And so they parted, in a few moments more to engage in deadly battle against each other.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BLACK AND THE WHITE

The strange duel between the two schooners—the black one and the white one—was about to begin.

Cephas Lynn, the disgraced English officer who had forsworn his loyalty to the king—or in other words, who was willing to do so if the tide of this particular battle should turn against him, had reached his vessel, and it could be seen that she was gradually getting under weigh.

The black schooner also fell off into the wind and began to forge slowly ahead.

Suddenly Lynn made himself known, for a puff of smoke and a loud report from the Noname sent a ball whizzing over the water, cutting a round hole through the black mainsail as though with a knife.

Then the fight began in earnest.

Neither schooner endeavored to avoid the other; they only maneuvered for more favorable positions, and sought but to inflict as much damage as possible upon each other.

Aboard the black schooner Phil was serving at the long gun taken from the brig, while Charlie Stowell was working the bow gun.

The other, which had been displaced from the stern by the captured gun, was now mounted amidships and was handled very dexterously by one of the crew.

Neither crew paid any attention to whatever damage might be done, except that which interfered with their rigging, and, therefore, with their fighting capacity.

Suddenly, just as the black schooner was coming partly

about to give her bow gun a good chance, a ball from the Noname came hurtling over the bows, and after grazing the foremast, came plump against the mainmast, sending huge splinters flying in all directions, and killing three of the crew.

No mast of wood, however strong, could stand such a shock, and it came tumbling down over the side, threatening for an instant to bring the foremast with it, but the stays fortunately parted and it was saved.

"All hands clear away the wreck!" shouted Little Grim through his trumpet. "Lively now. Make your axes fly!"

He looked more grim and determined than ever, and showed not a sign of dismay at the accident that had just happened.

"Give it to 'em, Phil!" he yelled, and Phil did.

He sighted his piece carefully and fired, and in a moment after the white schooner's main topmast went by the boards, carrying the foretopmast with it, for the bowsprit being gone, there was nothing to sustain it in front.

Just then Charlie Stowell's gun worked wonders. He had been firing rather wildly, but suddenly he put a shot over the enemy's bow which unhorsed and rendered utterly useless one of her three guns.

The two schooners, having lost so many of their sails, could not be handled as well as before and were gradually drawing nearer together.

Suddenly a shot from the white one struck Little Grim's vessel full on the foremast about ten feet above the deck and cut it in two.

It fell over the side with a loud crash, carrying every remaining sail with it, and the whole crew sprang forward with axes to cut it loose.

As soon as that was done, Little Grim gave the order to man the sweeps, and the fight went on.

"Cripple her, Phil, cripple her," cried Little Grim, "or we are whipped! Knock a stick out of her if you can!"

True to his orders, Phil fired and hit the white schooner's mainmast, carrying it away.

She now had only her foresail left standing, and as that was little better than useless, Lynn ordered it taken in, and then the Noname stuck long sweeps out at her sides also.

The fight then looked as though it was waged between two old time galleys.

Neither, however, slacked at all in the rapidity of their firing.

Many of both crews had fallen to rise no more, and many others were wounded and helpless, but still the battle went on.

Little Grim glanced rapidly over his crew.

"What say you, fellows!" he cried, "shall we board the Noname?"

"Ay! ay! board her!" came the ready response from every throat.

"Very well, cease firing! All hands prepare to board the enemy!" came the order.

Those who were not engaged at the sweeps sprang to where the arms had been piled upon the deck, and after supplying themselves, carried others to their companions.

At the same time the boat's helm was thrown hard over, and she made straight for the Noname.

"Stand by to repel boarders!" they heard Lynn cry from the deck of his own vessel, and then, with a crash, they came together.

Hooks were thrown out on either side and lashed fast, while the two crews, leaping forward, met face to face where the rails came together.

They were about evenly matched in numbers, and appeared equally brave and determined as the fight went on over the rail, neither side seeming to gain any advantage.

But Little Grim and Cephas Lynn were striving, each with all his might, to reach the other.

The fight they had had once before, which had not been brought to a finish, rendered each anxious to renew the contest, and they both strove with all their might to get together.

At last the moment came, and with a simultaneous leap they met face to face, each upon the deck of his own vessel with the two rails between them coming about as high as their knees.

The combatants on both sides, as though they realized that this battle between the captains would end the fight, ceased their exertions and drew back.

For a moment all was silent, and then the two blades flashed in the air. The duel had begun.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TWO CHAMPIONS

Clash! clash! clash! Back and forth, thrust and parry, circling in lightning-like flashes over their heads, whirling

with a menacing swish and whirr, only to end in a loud clash as they came together, every stroke, every thrust being as effectually stopped or parried as if the intended recipient of the blow were provided with a buckle and a coat of mail.

At length Lynn, who felt that their position was of more assistance to Little Grim than to himself—for his policy was to force the fighting, and by his superior strength beat down his opponent's guard—leaped nimbly back out of his adversary's reach, thus obliging the young patriot to follow him to the deck of the white schooner.

Nor was Little Grim slow to accept the proffered invitation.

With one quick bound he cleared the two rails and faced the young Englishman upon his own deck.

Clash—clash went their cutlasses, and it could be perceived that Lynn was fighting with a fury which seemed to surround and overwhelm the gallant American, who, although he fought bravely and coolly on, was forced to give way inch by inch.

He saw it also, and strove to regain the lost ground, but it was useless. The superior stature of the Englishman told in his favor with marked effect.

"I've got you, Grim," muttered Lynn between his teeth. "The battle is as good as won. Stop now and give it up before you are hurt."

But Little Grim never answered a word. He preferred to save his breath for the fight, for he had no intention of surrendering. In order to win the battle, Lynn would have to kill him.

Inch by inch Grim gave way; inch by inch Lynn followed up every advantage he gained, while the two crews, entirely forgetful of their recent encounter, mingled together in breathless interest as they watched the fight.

Suddenly Lynn, with a wild leap forward, aimed a terrible blow full at the young patriot's head, but Grim sprang nimbly to one side, and the shock of the stroke fell upon his cutlass instead.

A murmur of excitement from the spectators was quickly followed by a shout of astonishment, for a strange thing had happened.

The terrible force of Lynn's blow had broken the blade of Grim's cutlass, so that there was not more than six inches of it left upon the hilt. That was what had caused the murmur, but the shout which followed was brought out by reason of the accident which happened to Lynn, for his sword, after cleaving that of Little Grim, continued in its descent until it struck the deck, the Englishman having in some way lost his balance, so that he could not recover from his own effort in making the stroke, and the next instant the two combatants stood face to face, each with the handle to his cutlass now containing but the fragment of a blade.

They had been broken almost at the same instant and at about the same distance from the handle, so that not more than six inches remained of the length of either weapon.

For an instant they paused, and a dozen of the members of either crew sprang hastily forward to offer a new weapon to their favorites, but Little Grim waved them back.

"No!" he cried, "we are still equally matched. We'll fight it out as we stand!"

"Agreed!" replied Lynn, and again they commenced the battle.

But the accident of the broken blades had brought about a change, and that change was in favor of the American, for although Lynn, his opponent, was a perfect swordsman, he had never been accustomed to the use of a short weapon, while on the other hand Little Grim, who had been reared in the woods of the new world, had been engaged in more than one encounter with wild beasts when nothing but a long knife stood between him and certain death.

Up to the moment when their cutlasses were so strangely shortened neither had been wounded, but now Little Grim had received an ugly gash on his forehead, while the back of Lynn's hand was terribly lacerated by the young patriot's knife.

In a very few moments Lynn plainly saw that his opponent was getting decidedly the best of it, and that he must do something desperate and at once if he hoped to win in the fight.

He watched for a favorable opportunity, which came when Little Grim made a sudden lunge toward him.

With a quick spring he leaped backward, thus avoiding the shock of the young patriot's onslaught, and then, as the broken cutlass was descending, the Englishman threw himself forward again, and casting his weapon to the deck, grasped Little Grim around the neck.

The young American was quick to accept the change of front, and seeing that Lynn had discarded his weapon, he threw aside his own and grappled with his foe.

Backward and forward they swayed, now working laboriously across the deck and now back again, then forward and then aft.

Now and then one of them would make a desperate effort to throw the other off his feet, but without avail, and then they would work on, warily watching for the smallest opportunity to again essay the difficult task of laying his opponent on his back.

Both were nearly worn out with their terrible exertions, and their breathing came in quick, sharp gasps, almost like the panting of a hound.

Yet neither seemed able to obtain an advantage over the other.

Once Little Grim fell on his knees, but before Lynn could crowd him over on his back, he had struggled to his feet and renewed the contest, and once the American had lifted the Englishman from his feet, and for an instant it seemed that Lynn must go down, but he alighted like a cat.

But such things cannot last forever; sooner or later something must give way; somebody must succumb, and so it proved in this case.

Putting forth all of his really wonderful strength, the young patriot, feeling that if he failed this time he must be thrown himself, lifted Lynn clear of the deck, and then suddenly dropping, he brought the Englishman down on top of him, and before he could recover his equilibrium, Grim had rolled him over, himself coming out on top, with Lynn's shoulders both pressed squarely to the deck.

"A fair fall," gasped Little Grim.

"Ay," replied Lynn, gasping also; "you have won; I accept defeat."

Slowly they arose and stood facing each other, while the two crews, wondering if the contest was about to be renewed, drew gradually apart, grasping their weapons in preparation and awaiting the orders to again fly at each others' throats.

But Little Grim and Lynn still stood facing each other silently, unable to speak for want of necessary breath.

CHAPTER XV.

A NIGHT ENCOUNTER

Suddenly the silence was broken, for Little Grim stepped quickly forward and extending his hand toward Lynn, said:

"Will you shake hands with me?"

"Gladly," cried Lynn; "you have beaten me at every turn, but we have fought our last fight as enemies; henceforth we will fight side by side for the same cause, freedom."

"You are with me, then," said Grim, slowly, "not only in body, but in spirit? You give your heart as well as your arms to the cause of my countrymen?"

"Ay, that I do! All my heart. I am satisfied that the policy of King George is wrong, because here you are fighting for your homes, while he is struggling to deprive you of them. Were the Americans to invade England and endeavor to steal our homes from us there, I should feel differently, but as it now is, I am henceforth a patriot."

"Have you stopped to think that your country will pronounce you a traitor, and that so far as they are concerned you will have lost honor?" asked Little Grim.

"Ay, that I have. Already I have been called a traitor, and had I not made my escape I might now be dead—hung, like a spy. No—no, Grim—I am determined. Henceforth the cause of America is my cause, and if you will accept me as one of your followers, my schooner and such of my men as will consent to remain are yours and are at your disposal—under your orders."

"I accept gladly, old fellow!" cried Grim, with great enthusiasm. "We will return to Rock Haven as speedily as possible and repair our vessels, and when we set sail again we will puzzle and worry the English cruisers more than ever; they will think that the black schooner is indeed a mysterious craft."

"How so? Why?"

"Don't you see? The Noname shall be painted black and fitted out with black sails like my own craft, and as they are almost precisely similar in size and build as well as in speed they cannot readily be recognized one from the other."

"Ah!"

"Thus the mysterious black schooner will be seen here and a hundred miles south or east of here at the same moment, and the sailors will more than ever believe that we are a crew of ghosts on a phantom ship—a floating Nemesis."

"Good! The plan is excellent!"

"Now to make a few temporary repairs, and then start for the Haven."

"Wait," said Lynn, and stepping hastily to one side, he cried:

"Men of the Noname! You have all witnessed the combat between the captain of the black schooner and myself, and you all know that he won fairly."

"Ay, ay!"

"He is an American, a patriot, and I have joined him and placed the Noname at his disposal. Some of you sympathize with the patriots, some do not, and others have no choice either way. I want to say to you that all who desire to sail with the Noname hereafter will be expected to fight for the American cause. I will continue to command the schooner and will be glad to have as many of you with me as will remain. Those who do not care to stay will be placed ashore and allowed to go free. Those who remain will be under strict discipline and will receive no pay other than their share of prize money. Now, all who remain raise the right hand."

There was not a moment of hesitation. The right hand of every man in that crew was instantly raised, not one of them held back. The promise of prize money had done more in the way of argument than anything else could have done.

Lynn was perfectly satisfied with the result, however, and turning to Grim with a pleased smile, he said:

"You have made considerable in your fight with me, Captain Grim."

"Ay," returned Grim, "for I have made a patriot of you."

Lynn flushed with pride, for he felt that the implied compliment was sincere.

"What are your orders?" he asked.

"Set your men to rigging a mast," replied Grim. "I have one in the hold of the black schooner which I keep for emergencies, made in sections."

"And I also," replied Lynn.

"Good! Then get to work. By the aid of our sweeps and with such sails as we can rig up, we ought to reach Rock Haven by to-morrow morning."

In a few moments all was bustle and confusion.

The two crews set to work with a will, and in two hours had accomplished so much that the little vessels were moving along through the water toward Rock Haven, propelled by sweeps and sails.

Little Grim had placed Phil aboard the white schooner to act as first officer for Lynn, and Charlie Stowell was accordingly promoted to Phil's former place aboard the black one.

It so happened, therefore, that they were each in command of their respective crafts as soon as the exhausted captains turned in for the rest they so much needed.

Four or five hours were away, when suddenly dead ahead of them loomed a sail.

"Sail ho!" cried the lookout. "Dead ahead, and bearing down upon us."

"Can you make her out?" asked Charlie.

"Shows no colors; looks like a Britisher."

"Dive below and call the captain," ordered Charlie of one of the men near him, and in a few minutes Little Grim was again on deck, greatly refreshed by his few hours' rest.

Long and earnestly he gazed at the stranger through his night-glass, but at last he laid it aside with a dubious shake of his head.

"I can't make her out, Charlie," he said. "Pipe all hands to quarters and get ready for a fight, for I am inclined to think that we have got to have one. She will probably down us, but we'll show her our teeth, all the same."

Then taking his trumpet he sprang into the rigging, and in a moment more his voice was sounding across the space between the two schooners.

"Aboard the Noname!" he cried.

"Ay, ay!" came the answer.

"What do you make out the craft ahead to be?"

"A brig of war."

"Do you know her, Captain Lynn?"

"Ay ay."

"What is she?"

"The Scorpion—twelve guns, commanded by Captain Smythe. I know her by her rigging, for I served a year as second officer aboard her."

"Then we have got to fight!"

"Ay, ay! she is a hard one to beat, too."

"Do your best all the same!"

"Ay, ay."

Little Grim sprang back again upon the deck, and quickly saw that during the few moments that he was in the rigging every one aboard the schooner had found his place and stood patiently awaiting orders.

The two schooners did not change their course, but kept

steadily on toward the brig of war, which seemed to be headed directly between them.

She was still more than a mile away, but the distance was rapidly lessening, and each captain felt that the decisive moment was near at hand.

Suddenly the brig came up into the wind, just out of gun shot ahead of them and fired a shot from her bow, which was meant as an order for the schooners to heave to.

In another moment the strange flag of the black schooner was run up, and Lynn, discerning it, set his up also, and then they both put their bows into the wind and waited.

Still the brig did not hoist her colors.

"Confound her!" cried Grim, "I'll make her speak!" and leaping forward he sighted the bow gun at the brig and fired.

It was a hasty shot, and one not calculated to do any very great damage, but the ball, nevertheless, struck the brig in the side, carrying away a section of her rail.

But though the execution of the shot was not very great, the real effect upon the brig-of-war was extraordinary and most surprising.

CHAPTER XVI.

A WELCOME STRANGER

No sooner had the black schooner fired the daring shot at the approaching brig of war, which Lynn proclaimed to be H. M. S. Scorpion, than a most unexpected thing happened.

It will be remembered it was the intention of Little Grim to force her to show her colors, which she had thus far seemed strangely reluctant to do, and hence the shot which he fired from the bow of the schooner.

Almost instantly an answering shot came back, but it was evident that the gun had been purposely misaimed for the ball skipped past them, some considerable distance off on the port side.

Then the brig ran up her colors, and that was the astonishing part of the entire encounter, for her colors were American.

Little Grim was for a moment too much astonished to speak, when suddenly it occurred to him that it might be a ruse on the part of a shrewd British commander to capture them without a struggle.

Nearer and nearer they approached until suddenly a stentorian voice from the deck of the brig hailed them.

"Ahoy, there! Aboard the black schooner!"

"Ay—ay!" replied Grim.

"Who are you? From whence do you hail? Whither bound, and what is your cargo?" came the rapid questions in the same voice, proceeding from the lips of a man in the chains of the square-rigged vessel.

"The mysterious black schooner," replied Grim, promptly, "commanded by Captain Grim. We hail from Rock Haven, and are bound for British cruisers. Our cargo is shot and powder, and we are manned by patriots who are ready to fight in the cause they love."

"A good answer, and to the point," was the audible comment which Grim heard, but he interrupted it.

"Who are you?" he cried, "and why does the British brig Scorpion fly the American flag?"

"Because she is no longer a British brig. Who is your consort, Captain Grim?"

"A prize."

"Taking her to port?"

"Ay, ay—if she doesn't sink before we get there."

"Well, lay to while I board you."

"First tell me who you are."

"I am the captain of the brig Scorpion."

"What is your name?"

"I will tell you that when I come aboard, if you will allow me."

"Ay, ay! heave ahead."

In a very few moments a boat was lowered from the brig's side, and her captain was rapidly rowed toward the black schooner.

It required but a few moments for the boat from the brig to reach the schooner, and presently a middle-aged man in undress uniform climbed aboard.

He was rather small in stature, but built compactly, giving him the appearance of great muscular power. His face was smoothly shaven, and his eyes were gray, and set wide apart, and so keen were they that not a thing about the decks escaped the quick glance their owner shot around him as he stepped aboard.

"I have long desired to meet with you, Captain Grim," he said, extending his hand, cordially, "for your reputation has traveled over land and sea. Evidently the white schooner

yonder gave you quite a brush, judging from the damage that has been done to you."

Grim bowed his acknowledgment of the compliment.

"Yes," he replied, in words, "she gave us a hard tussle, but there is no damage done which cannot be easily repaired."

"May I ask where you are bound?"

"To Rock Haven."

"Rock Haven? I do not know of such a port."

"Nor does any one, except my crew. I know of but two men to whom I would be willing to reveal its exact locality."

"Who are they, please?"

"General Washington—Heaven bless him!"

"Amen! and the other?"

"John Paul Jones."

The stranger gave a sudden start of surprise.

"Why Jones?" he asked, bending a curious and searching glance upon the younger patriot.

"For no particular reason," replied Grim, "except that I love him for the bravery and for the good he has done our glorious cause."

"You have never seen him, then?"

"No, sir—never. Some day, I hope that we may meet, if a British bullet does not put an end to his life or mine."

"Ah! um! Well, Captain Grim, will you conduct me to your cabin, where we can talk alone for a few moments? I have much to say to you."

"Certainly; please follow."

Little Grim led the way to his cabin, and having placed refreshments before his unknown guest, waited respectfully for whatever he might have to say.

"I am not the captain of the Scorpion, Captain Grim," said he, "but while a passenger upon one of our naval vessels, the English brig was captured and I consented to take her into port."

"She was soon put into sea-going condition again, when I was surprised to receive an order, or request rather, to again sail in her, bound upon a special mission."

"I accepted without a moment's hesitation, for the duty which had been assigned to me, and the request regarding it, was particularly pleasing. Shall I tell you what that duty was, Captain Grim?"

"I do not see in what way it can possibly interest me," replied Foss, rather puzzled by his guest's manner.

"When you have heard me a little further, you will understand more clearly."

"Then please tell me."

"The duty which was assigned to me, was to sail to and fro in these waters until I encountered the mysterious black schooner, commanded by Captain Grim," continued the stranger, with a peculiar smile.

Grim sprang hastily to his feet.

"For what purpose, sir—to fight? If so I am at your disposal, and so much preparatory ceremony were needless. Or did you think that you could argue me into a surrender? If so, let me say to you that I will never surrender to any man or men."

"Well said, captain. You are brave and true. Our cause needs more such hearts as yours. Be seated please, for I haven't deceived you. I am exactly that which I have represented. My duty in part was to find you. That part is done. It yet remains for me to hand you this."

The stranger drew a folded document from his breast-pocket and handed it to the young patriot, who for an instant hardly knew whether to accept it or not.

Finally, however, he took it in his hand and opened it.

Still he hesitated to read it.

"Are you sure that this is meant for me?" he asked incredulously.

"If your name is Captain Grim, of the Mysterious Black Schooner, the document is meant for you, and if you will but take the trouble to examine it you will find your name written within. Please read it."

Refraining no longer, Little Grim ran his eye down the page, never uttering a word nor showing the slightest sign of emotion until he had finished reading.

Then the paper fluttered from his hands to the cabin floor, while he remained as if suddenly changed to a statue.

"I am overwhelmed!" he said finally, "for I expected to receive no such honor at the hands of the people I love. Why, sir, this document changes my little schooner into a vessel of war for the government, and makes me a captain in the American navy. Aye, and more than that, I am as free as before, and bound by nobody's orders, and there, below, is the signature of General Washington."

"Ay, so it is," replied the stranger. "Your bravery, and the

reports of the able work you have done have reached him, and it was at his own suggestion that this was done."

For several moments Grim was silent.

"I do not know how to express my gratitude and appreciation of this kindness," he said; "will you say to General Washington that I thank him? I can say no more."

"No more need be said."

"Now, sir, will you tell me to whom I owe the pleasure of having received this good news?"

For an instant he hesitated, but then raising his eyes, with a strange smile in them, he said:

"My name is John Paul Jones."

CHAPTER XVII.

A DASTARDLY PLOT.

Again was Little Grim thunderstruck. To have received the document conferring so great an honor upon him was surprise enough, but to have that honor multiplied a thousand-fold by intrusting the delivery of it to such a man as Jones who had already won the love and admiration of every American by his bravery and daring and fighting qualities was almost greater than he knew how to receive with becoming calmness.

He sprang to his feet and extended his hands.

"John Paul Jones!" he cried. "And you have sailed to and fro in these waters for the express purpose of meeting me? I can hardly believe it true. And yet I know it."

"Captain Grim," said Jones, firmly, "it is circumstance which makes men great, if they but possess the courage to meet it. It has won battles for me, it has won battles for you. You have several times accomplished feats of arms with your little schooner which a full-rigged and fully armed ship would have hesitated to encounter."

"Under such circumstances you have won from the American people a right of recognition, and I am proud to be the person who was delegated to deliver it to you."

"The document you now have will stand you in good use if you are ever captured."

"I shall never be captured, sir; I shall be victorious in every fight—or dead."

"Good! I believe you will."

They talked together for a long time, and then separated.

As Captain Paul Jones entered the boat which was to take him back to the brig, he said:

"Well, Captain Grim, you and your gallant followers are too precious to lose, and so I am going to keep you in sight, and act as your escort until you signal that you are near enough to your harbor to be safe from the Britishers in your present helpless condition."

"Thank you," returned Grim. "I shall certainly feel much safer with you in sight."

And so they parted.

The fame of one of them has come down to us in history, and every child knows and loves the name of John Paul Jones, but that of Little Grim was overlooked by the majority of the historians, just as were hundreds of others who were as deserving of praise for their bravery.

The time came when Captain Grim signaled to the brig that her presence was no longer necessary, and she turned and floated away, while the two schooners, the black one in the lead, made their laborious way onward toward the stew-pot and Rock Haven.

They got through it without accident, and the black vessel was just dropping her anchor over the bow, in the semi-cavern we read about in the first chapter, when Grim, who was leaning against the stump of the mainmast, gave a violent start, and then an exclamation of surprise.

Charlie, who was standing near, having finished giving his orders about mooring the schooner, turned quickly to see what it was that had occasioned the exclamation from his captain, and beheld, just stepping from the mouth of the narrow fissure which communicated with the outer world, the figure of a girl.

She had not seen more than seventeen summers and winters, and as she leaped from the shelving rock to the ground every motion betokened unusual grace and self-possession.

At first glance one would have pronounced her hair to be red, but it was too dark for that. Golden brown would describe it better, and it hung in two long braids over her shoulders and back.

Her clothing was of home-made material, and yet it fitted so perfectly and was so tastefully put together that it became her little and graceful figure wonderfully.

Little Grim had no sooner beheld the vision issuing from between the rocks than he sprang to the rail, and with one magnificent leap had cleared the space between the schooner

and the shore, so that when the girl alighted upon the rocky floor of the haven he was at her side.

For an instant they were wound in each other's arms, and then he released her, and said tenderly:

"Rena, what brings you here? There are many dangers for you in traveling through the forest to reach this place. You would not have come here unless you deemed it to be absolutely necessary."

"No, De Forest, for I so promised."

"Then what brings you, dear?"

"Danger to you."

"To me?"

"Yes; the secret of Rock Haven has been discovered."

"Discovered! Impossible!"

"It is true, Foss."

"By whom and how? Tell me all."

"By the Tories."

Little Grim ground his teeth, but made no comment.

"Robert Clancey, the son of old Thomas Clancey, has found out the way to enter here. How, I do not know."

"Bob Clancey, eh? He always hated me, particularly when he found that he could not win you from me. But I did not know that he was a Tory."

"Ay, a Tory of the worst kind, now, for he is a spy."

"A spy!"

"Yes. He joined the company which your father organized, and is still a member of it, although he is in league with the enemy, and has undertaken to lead them here to your destruction."

"Does my father know?"

"Not yet, for he is in no immediate danger. It is you and your followers who are menaced."

"How did you find it out?"

For a moment Rena hung her head, and Little Grim could see the tell-tale blush as it mounted from her throat to her brow, and then fled like darkness before light.

"He told me," she said.

"He told you! He must be crazy!"

"No, for I deceived him. Listen, and I will tell you."

"For a long time I have suspected him of working in secret against our cause, and I resolved to find out the truth, if possible."

"Go on."

"You know that for a long time he has sought to pay me more attention than I liked, and I resolved to accept his overtures for a time, and thus get him to reveal all that I wished to know."

"Rena!"

"Listen, Foss. It was for the best. Had I not done as I did he would have succeeded in capturing or destroying you—have burnt your beautiful schooner, and above all, he would have succeeded in depriving our country of all the good you can do in this war with the English. Was I not wise? Tell me that I did right—that you will not be angry!"

"Angry, Rena? I angry at you? That is impossible! Whatever you did, I know that you thought it right, and that you did it for my sake. Now tell me all!"

"He became almost unceasing in his attentions, and once he brought me a report that the mysterious black schooner had been sunk by a British cruiser, and that all on board had perished with her."

"I knew then for the first time that he was informed regarding you, for no one but your father and myself was supposed to know that Captain Grim and you were identical."

"I did not believe his report, and in order to learn more, pretended not to be affected by the news he had brought."

"You take it coolly," he said.

"Why not?" I replied; "what is the schooner to me?"

"You know who commands her, do you not?" he asked.

"I did know, but I have forgotten," I answered him, and I tried with all my might to blush.

"He was deceived. He fell upon his knees before me, and swore that—well, I won't repeat it all. He told me that the report he had brought was false, but that since I did not care, it was not worth while to deceive me."

"Robert," I said to him, finally, "why don't you take off that colonial dress and join the army of King George, where you belong?"

"And you would have me do so?" he asked.

"I would have you in your proper place," I replied.

"His face flushed with pleasure, and he bent over and whispered in my ear:

"I do belong to the English army. I am here only as a spy, and to aid them in destroying the mysterious black schooner, for I know where she hides, and as soon as the time is ripe, it

will be my duty to lead a detachment of British troops to the spot, and when we return, the black schooner and its captain will have perished together."

CHAPTER XVIII.

TO MEET THE ENEMY.

My first impulse, when he revealed his dastardly plot to me, was to rush to your father, proclaim Bob Clancey to be a traitor and a spy, and have him arrested at once, but my next, and better one, was to dissemble still further and learn all there was to know regarding it.

"Tell me about it," I said briefly, but he drew back rather alarmed.

"Wait," he replied. "It will be time enough for you to know when the job is done."

"Very well," I said, apparently offended, "just as you please, of course, only perhaps I may not be here to receive the news when you bring it."

"Why?" he cried. "Are you going away?"

"Perhaps."

"When?"

"That cannot matter. Since you refused me your confidence, I will withhold mine."

"It was in that way, dear Foss, that I finally succeeded in learning from him every detail of his plans."

"Every afternoon about two o'clock Bob Clancey gallops in this direction, and just after dark he invariably returns. He comes here, and his purpose is to ascertain if you have returned."

"To-night, when he comes here, he will find that you have arrived, so that between now and to-morrow morning at daylight you will be attacked by between two and three hundred British soldiers."

Little Grim smiled scornfully.

"If there were two or three millions, I would not fear them," he said, "for only two, at the best, can come through the fissure at a time."

"True, but were you not warned, they would have stolen upon you in the darkness, and their entire numbers would have swarmed inside before you knew of their presence."

"You are a brave girl, Rena, and Heaven will bless you for this. Now come with me to my cabin. You can lock yourself in and rest for two or three hours, before it is time for you to go, and then—"

"Go! I am not going!"

"But you cannot remain here."

"I can, and I intend to do so. If you are wounded in the battle which must be fought to-night, I will be here to nurse you."

"Well, well—have your own way, Rena. Somehow you always do, with me, and you are the only one who does, too."

She smiled, but made no reply, and he turned and led her to where a long plank had been thrown out from the black schooner's deck to the shore, and she ran up it as nimbly as a sailor.

She had scarcely put her pretty feet upon the deck when the boys, recognizing her—for she was known to most of them—gave her a hearty cheer in welcome.

"Silence!" cried Little Grim. "Let there be no noise more than is absolutely necessary. I have received news that our retreat is discovered, and that to-night we will be attacked by a large force of British soldiers. Even now some of them may be near here."

But, though Little Grim did not know it, that cheer had done him a service, for at the moment when it was uttered by the many pairs of lungs on the schooner's deck Robert Clancey was stealing his way cautiously through the fissure to ascertain if his prey had arrived.

He heard the cheer, and knew that he need go no further to find that which he wished to know, and so he turned hastily back again.

Had he gone on, and peered into the rock-bound retreat of the black schooner, he would have seen Rena standing on the deck, and would have known instantly that his plans were discovered.

As it was he hurried back through the fissure and out into the woods to the spot where he had tied his horse, and was soon galloping away as fast as the animal could carry him, towards the point where, for nearly a week, the British soldiers had been detailed to await him.

Grim conducted Rena to the cabin and then returned to the deck, repairing instantly to the *Noname*, where Lynn was busy giving orders, and directing his men about clearing the white schooner for the repairs which she so greatly needed.

"Lynn," said Little Grim, as he stepped upon the deck of the *Noname*, "come with me to your cabin. There is a plot afoot to capture us, and you will have a chance to fight side by side with me sooner than you thought."

"The quicker it comes the better," replied Lynn cheerfully, as he turned and followed the young patriot below.

In as few words as possible, Little Grim related the news which Rena had brought him in detail.

"I am satisfied," he said in closing, "that no one but Clancey knows the path to Rock Haven, and therefore he must be captured or killed, at all risks."

"We will divide our men into two detachments, you commanding one, and I the other. We will make our way through the fissure, and once in the woods beyond, it will be an easy matter to select a good spot for ambush."

"The Britishers will not be expecting a surprise, and will therefore be easily demoralized when we open fire upon them."

"It is true that we run a much greater risk in meeting them outside than we would by waiting here for them, but if we followed the latter course, every soldier in the troop would know how to come here again, while if we meet them outside and whip them, and succeed in silencing Bob Clancey's tongue forever, no one will be the wiser, and my secret will remain mine, until some one else stumbles across the fissure by accident, as I did, several years ago, and as Bob Clancey has done recently."

"It is the best plan," commented Lynn. "What are my orders?"

"Phil and Charlie will precede us through the fissure, and when they are satisfied that the coast is clear, they will imitate the cry of a crow; then we, followed by our men, will make our way out into the woods."

"I will go ahead with my men, and you follow with yours."

"As soon as you are outside, Phil will join you, and under instructions from me will lead you to the point where you will conceal your men and wait for events to follow. Under no circumstances will you fire a shot or make a noise of any kind until you hear the report of my pistol; but when that comes open fire at once, for the enemy will be directly before you. Be sure not to allow a shot to be fired until you hear my pistol."

"Ay, ay! I will remember."

In a few moments more Little Grim was back again upon the deck of the black schooner, and his gallant followers were busily engaged in making their preparations for the approaching battle.

A half hour later the two crews, led by their respective commanders, made their way rapidly toward the fissure, and the last one had soon disappeared.

Far out on the road, which ran parallel with the bluff where Rock Haven was situated, but several miles inland from it, a troop of British soldiers were hurrying along, led by the young man Robert Clancey.

The afternoon sun sank lower and lower until it was lost in the tree-tops and twilight had deepened into star-bespangled darkness, when the redcoats drew rein in obedience to a command from the youthful traitor.

"Fasten your horses here," he said, "for we have several miles to travel through the woods afoot. We should reach the place by midnight, and that will be the best possible moment in which to surprise them."

The horses were soon tied, and nearly two hundred redcoats, marching by fours, followed Clancey through the blackness of the woods.

He carried a lantern to guide them with, and they made but little noise for so large a body of men.

Silently, almost breathlessly, deep in the woods; near the path by which the English soldiers must come, waited the two bodies of men commanded by Grim and Lynn.

They were some distance apart, and the latter was straining his ears for the sound of Little Grim's pistol.

Suddenly, afar off among the trees, a light glimmered, and everyone knew that the moment of strife was at hand.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE AMBUSCADE.

Onward came the glimmering light of the lantern carried by Robert Clancey, who was leading the British soldiers to their doom, for the two crews who were waiting in ambush for their approach were but little disposed to be merciful to the invaders of their beloved country.

On they came, and the heart of Bob Clancey, the traitor, bounded with exultation over the thought of that which he was about to do, which would, if he succeeded, at once rid the

English of a dangerous foe, and himself a hated rival, for notwithstanding Rena's assertions, he could not disabuse his mind of the idea that there was still a warm place in her heart for De Forest Amsbury, or Little Grim, as he is better known to us.

Suddenly from out the blackness of the woods there came a loud report, and he threw up his arms and staggered backward into the arms of the nearest soldier, while the lantern which he carried fell to the ground, breaking the globe and thus allowing the wind to quickly extinguish the light.

The single report which had carried the deadly messenger into the body of Robert Clancey was followed by a rattling discharge of musketry ere its echo had died away, and before the thoroughly astonished redcoats could gather their wits together.

The deadly volley, which perceptibly thinned their ranks, seemed to come from behind them, and as they wheeled in their tracks in order to face the unseen enemy a second volley broke forth from the opposite direction.

Some of them broke and fled, darting heedlessly away through the woods, and rushing blindly against the trunks of gigantic trees, or tripping and falling headlong over rotten and decaying logs.

Some flew straight toward the hidden enemy, only to be shot down ere they had made a dozen bounds.

But the others were brave and tried men, and they rallied as best they could, and sought to return the deadly fire which was being poured in upon them by the crews of the two schooners.

They aimed their muskets at random among the trees—at the flashes of angry fire they saw—at the dread sounds which smote upon their ears.

But they were demoralized.

They scattered as feathers scatter before a driving storm of wind, each one being intent only on saving himself personally, and they took as many different directions as there were individuals in the thoroughly demoralized troop, so that within ten minutes from the time when Little Grim first fired his pistol at the figure of Bob Clancey there was not a redcoat left within range of the patriots' muskets, except those which were stretched along the path through the woods—lifeless, fallen to rise no more.

Then the Americans issued from their ambush, led by their two captains, and by the star-light which struggled feebly down through the tree-tops along the path Little Grim began his search among the dead for the face of the young traitor.

Presently he found it.

Stepping back, he pointed his finger at the body and directed Phil and Charlie to ascertain if Robert Clancey were really dead.

They bent over him, and, after a careful examination, arose and announced that the captain's bullet had gone true to its aim.

Soon a messenger was dispatched to the settlement, and Little Grim's father, who commanded there, was informed of what had transpired, and it may be interesting to know that, ere another day, the horses which the British soldiers had ridden had become the property of the Americans.

"It is thus that the war with England will finally end," said Little Grim to Lynn, when they were again within the boundaries of Rock Haven. "Years may elapse before peace shall be declared, but my countrymen will never cease to fight for the freedom which they believe to be their due—their right."

"I fully agree with you," returned Lynn, "and you may believe me when I say that my conscience feels much easier since I have joined your ranks than it did when I was battling against you."

They made their way together aboard the black schooner, and Grim was soon knocking at the door of his cabin, which was speedily opened by Rena, who bade them enter.

Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and her long, black eye-lashes bore traces of recent tears, probably occasioned by anxiety during the time when Little Grim and his followers were away.

"You have returned unharmed," she cried. "Did you meet them? Did you see Bob Clancey? Did he escape?"

"One question at a time, Rena," replied Little Grim, laughing a little, "but I can answer yes to all but the last, and to that, no—for he is dead."

She hung her head a moment, for the thought rushed over her that she was responsible for that death.

However, Little Grim quickly changed the subject.

"I have brought Captain Cephas Lynn with me, in order that I might make you acquainted with each other."

"Captain Lynn, this is Rena Waters, who came to us on the crest of the wave, for she was floated in from a wreck on the

coast sixteen years ago. Rena, this is my new friend, prized as highly as any of the old ones."

She looked up at the tall Englishman, blushing a little shyly, and at the same time extending her right hand toward him.

Lynn took the little hand in his own and bowed low over it. He was about to touch his lips to it after the courtly fashion of the times, when suddenly he paused, straightened up, and with a quick step led her wonderingly nearer to the light which glowed upon the table.

Then he again bent over her hand, examining it intently—eagerly.

"What is it?" asked Rena, with wide open eyes.

"This tattoo mark upon your hand and wrist!" cried Lynn. "Tell me, how came it there?"

"I do not know," she replied, "for it has been there ever since I can remember."

"Grim," continued Lynn, turning to the young patriot, "was this mark upon Miss Waters when she was saved from the wreck sixteen years ago?"

"It was."

"Look!" he cried, suddenly extending his left hand towards the thoroughly astonished girl; "do you see that? It is a tattoo mark exactly like yours, upon me."

"What does it mean?" asked Rena tremulously; "tell me what it means; I do not understand!"

"No, of course not! How could you. Listen—once I had a little sister, in England, and I lost her. She was drowned, as everybody supposed, although there was never any proof of it, that could be called proof, and now here in this wild spot, and under these strange circumstances, I believe that I have found her, alive and well."

"You say—!" cried Rena; "you say that—"

"I say that I now believe you to be the long lost sister, who for many years I have believed to be dead, for how could you bear that mark upon you through accident or coincidence?"

CHAPTER XX.

A CAPTIVE AT LAST

Rena was too much astonished to speak, for a moment, and Lynn's emotion almost overcame him for the time being.

Little Grim alone remained unmoved, and apparently but little surprised by what had happened.

"It is exactly what I have expected ever since I discovered the tattoo mark upon you, Lynn," he said, finally.

"Rena came to us as I have already said, about sixteen years ago, the only being saved from a wreck which went to pieces upon the shoals at the entrance to the Stew Pot. We judged her—that is, my father did—to be about a year old at the time, and she has lived in our family ever since."

"How was she saved when everybody perished besides?"

"Strangely enough, she was lashed tightly to a dark, swarthy-looking man, who in turn was lashed to a plank; but her preserver must have been dashed against a rock, for there was an ugly cut in his head, and he was dead."

"Did they search his body?"

"Yes."

"And found—"

"Nothing, but a few English sovereigns and a pocketbook containing a scrap of paper, upon which was written words which nobody has ever been able to read."

"And the paper—was that destroyed?"

"No, I have it."

"Where? Give it to me, for it may be in the Romany dialect, and if so, I can read it. Who knows—it may reveal the secret of her birth. It may prove what I now believe, that she is my sister."

"It is not here, Lynn, but at home. I will bring it back with me when I go to see Rena safely back to my father's house."

"Do."

"Come, Rena, we will start now, for I wish to reach the settlement before daylight, or as soon after it as possible. I believe that you have found a brother in Cephas Lynn, and you could not have a braver or a nobler one. Come, we will go now. It is a hard journey, but it is necessary, and we must not delay longer."

With a lighted lantern from the schooner to show them the path they started away, Little Grim promising Lynn that he would be back again by noon of the following day, or very soon after.

Rena placed her right hand confidently in Grim's, and he led her away through the woods by a different and somewhat shorter route than that by which the British soldiers had sought to surprise them at Rock Haven, hurrying on as swiftly as her inferior strength would allow them to travel.

The journey was nearly over. They had issued from the woods just as the sky was growing light in the east, and could plainly see the settlement in the distance.

A large flat rock at the edge of the woods offered a tempting spot for a few moments' rest, and Rena seated herself upon it, while Little Grim stood silently beside her, lost in thought.

Suddenly something flew through the air with a whirring noise, and it struck the young patriot fairly upon the back of his head.

He staggered, reeled, and then, with a low moan, fell senseless at Rena's feet.

She started up with a loud cry of terror, only to find herself confronted by the forms of three dreaded enemies.

She tried to run, but one of them seized her in his arms, and as he started rapidly away through the woods with her in his arms, his companions lifted the motionless figure of Little Grim from the ground and bore it after him.

But where? Who were these unexpected foes? Whence came they?"

The following day was full of business for young Captain Lynn, for the repairs to the schooners had to be begun at once; it was very necessary that they should be made ready for sea as soon as possible, and thus it was that he did not begin to feel anxious about his new friend, Little Grim, until the afternoon was far advanced.

At four o'clock he called Phil and Charlie to him.

"What can be keeping Captain Grim?" he asked. "Is he apt to be detained longer than he expected?"

"I think not," said Charlie. "He is usually very punctual."

"Something may have kept him," remarked Paul; "anyway he is a difficult one to catch napping, and I don't think that we need feel any uneasiness about him."

Then the work was resumed and went merrily on until dark, and still Little Grim had not returned.

"I feel exceedingly anxious," said Lynn to Charlie, who was near him. "Are you familiar with the path between here and the settlement?"

"Perfectly."

For several moments Lynn was silent.

"Stowell," said he finally, "I think you had better take two or three of the crew with you, and endeavor to find out what has become of Captain Grim. It can do no harm, and it may do some good; he may need you. Will you go?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Very well—select your own followers—as many as you like, and start at once. If you find out anything which will detain you beyond daylight, send one of the boys back here with the news."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Charlie did not allow the grass to grow beneath his feet in making preparations, for in ten minutes from the time of his conversation with Lynn he was making his way through the narrow fissure, followed by five others, belonging to the black schooner's crew.

They plunged along the scarcely definable pathway, for in those days a path meant a route, and not a road or beaten track, making all possible speed, for Charlie as well as Lynn had become imbued with the idea that something had happened to their friend and captain.

At last they came out at the edge of the woods, not more than a hundred yards from the very rock where Little Grim and Rena had paused to rest the morning before, and where they had been so suddenly assaulted—stricken down and borne away by their captors.

"Wait," ordered Charlie. "We haven't been reared in these woods for nothing, fellows, and every one of us has tracked a bear before now. Let us see if we cannot find some sign of Little Grim along the edge of the woods, where the ground is soft."

He dropped upon his knees, and by the light of the lantern he had brought with him from the schooner, carefully examined every tuft of grass and every spot of ground as he crept along.

By a fortunate circumstance, he made his way directly towards the flat rock, where Rena had rested.

A considerable distance had been covered, and he was just on the point of returning to the place of beginning and searching in the other direction, when his eye caught something which made him bend lower, and look more closely.

"Here's a foot-print!" he cried, "but it isn't Rena's, nor Little Grim's; it's too big for either. Hello! here's another!"

He began following them, carefully and slowly, and they took him towards the flat rock.

In a moment more he found another foot-print, and one which he knew was Rena's, and it was surrounded by those that he could not recognize.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BLACK SCHOONER AGAIN.

"We may as well wait right here until daylight," remarked Charlie, as he arose quickly to his feet, "for it is very evident that there has been trouble of some kind on this spot, and we can't find out what it is until the sun comes up."

"We'll take a back track to the place where we came out of the woods in order to leave these tracks undisturbed, and, John—to one of his followers—"you take the lantern and put for the Haven as fast as you can go."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Tell Captain Lynn what we have found, and that it is certain that Little Grim has been gobbled up by somebody, for if not, we would have heard something of him by this time."

"Ay—ay, sir!"

He whom Charlie had addressed as John took the lantern without more ado, and in a moment more its bobbing light was lost in the depths of the forest, while its bearer hurried toward Rock Haven.

Charlie, and those with him, contented themselves as best they could until daylight began to appear, but the time seemed endless in their impatience.

It came at last, however, and as soon as it was light enough he began his examination of the foot-prints.

"Indians, as sure as shooting!" he cried, when he saw the tracks upon the soft earth near the rock. "That is, they were either Indians or white men with leather moccasins on their feet."

In a moment more he started forward on the trail, making all the haste he could, and fortunately the tracks were easy to follow, for the ground was soft and no pains had been taken to conceal the foot-prints.

It was nearly noon when the men from the Haven, led by Lynn, caught up with them, and they fell in silently behind, every one there fully determined to give his life, if necessary, to rescue their beloved young commander.

The trail led them directly toward the coast, though several miles north of the spot where Rock Haven was located, and at about two o'clock they emerged from the woods not more than a quarter of a mile from the edge of a high bluff overlooking the sea, and the tracks which they had been following led directly toward the top of the bluff.

"Captain Lynn," said Charlie, decisively, "it is my honest opinion that if we stood on the edge of that bluff we would see a British cruiser lying in the bay below it."

"You think so?"

"I do. There is a good harbor there for a vessel of moderate size, and a stream of good water runs into it from the northward where casks can be easily filled."

"Then you think that it was some one from the ship, which you suspect to be there, who has captured our friend?"

"Yes, either some one connected with it, or going to it for some reason. Suppose the others wait here, while you and I creep to the top of the bluff and look over."

Ordering the others to await their return, Lynn and Charlie hurried forward, dropping upon their hands and knees as they neared the top of the bluff.

Upon reaching it, a single glance proved that Charlie's guess had been correct, for there, lying quietly at anchor was a small brig, and her men were evidently just preparing to put in a supply of water.

Lynn, with the true eye of a sailor, took in every detail of her position, equipment and surroundings, and as soon as he was satisfied that he could learn no more, by looking longer, he laid his hand upon Charlie's shoulder, and together they made their way back to the place where they had left the men.

"Do you know that harbor?" asked Lynn, as soon as they were away from the top of the bluff.

"Like a book," replied Charlie. "I used to keep a boat there for fishing."

"How far is it from Rock Haven by water?"

"About seven knots."

"Good! I think I know a plan by which we can rescue Little Grim and capture that brig at the same time. How many men can the father of Little Grim muster at the settlement?"

"Fifty or sixty."

"Good again! My plan is complete, and I think it will work. The brig evidently has no intention of leaving her snug harbor to-day, so we are all right."

"What is your plan, Captain Lynn?"

"This—Phil will make all possible speed to the settlement, and then return here, followed by Little Grim's father and all the men he can muster able to fire a musket. They will creep to the top of the bluff and wait, taking care to remain unseen."

"We will make all haste back to Rock Haven, and with both crews aboard the black schooner, we will bring her around to the mouth of this cove and open fire on the brig."

"As soon as we fire the first shot the men on the bluff will open fire with their muskets, and from this height they can pick off the men on the deck easily."

Lynn lost no time in giving the necessary directions to Phil, who hurried away toward the settlement, while the others, guided by Charlie, made their way by a short cut toward Rock Haven.

It was dark when the black schooner issued from the Stew Pot into the open sea and turned northward, propelled by the long sweeps sticking out from her sides.

At last Charlie announced that they were nearing the goal, and pointed out the bluff upon which the men from the settlement should be waiting for the signal to open fire, if nothing had happened to prevent Phil from reaching them safely.

At last the point of the bulkhead was reached. The black schooner pointed her somber prow beyond it, farther and farther, until she lay directly across the channel connecting the cove with the sea.

Lynn had given his orders carefully, and everything was ready for the important moment.

Suddenly his voice broke the stillness of the night.

"Fire!" he cried.

Three sheets of flame burst simultaneously from the deck of the schooner, and three solid shot went speeding on their way towards the brig.

An instant later, the top of the bluff seemed lighted by a blinding flash, as the muskets of the patriots belched out their leaden missiles.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE UNKNOWN PRISONER—THE GYPSY LETTER.

Never was confusion worse confounded than on board the English brig when the double fire opened upon her from the sea and from the shore at once.

The surprise was complete—absolute.

Her startled crew rushed to their places in frantic haste, only to be mowed down by the merciless and unerring fire from the bluff, while the schooner's three guns poured in their solid shot relentlessly.

A feeble attempt at defense was made, but it was very feeble, for the Englishmen were taken at a great disadvantage.

In a very few moments they gave up all thoughts of defense and surrendered to the inevitable.

Lynn immediately ordered a boat to be lowered, and was quickly pulled to the brig's side, where he speedily clambered over the rail and stood upon her deck.

There he was met by the British captain, who stepped forward to receive him, when they both paused and for an instant appeared nonplussed.

"Lynn!" exclaimed the Englishman, aghast.

"Simmons!" cried Lynn. "Well, it is but just that you should be the first to surrender to me since I have changed my colors."

"Traitor!" exclaimed Simmons, who was fairly boiling over with fury.

"Ay, perhaps so, from your standpoint, Mr. Simmons, but I would not change places with you for all that, for you gained your ship through treachery to a friend and a superior officer, while I lost mine through your falsehoods. But we will not discuss our private affairs just now, if you please. Instead, do me the favor to conduct me to the two prisoners whom some friends of yours captured yesterday morning."

"Blame them!" cried Simmons. "I did not want them, and feared when they were brought here that their absence would bring a hornet's nest around our ears. You may find them, for I shall do nothing to aid a traitor."

"Mr. Simmons," said Lynn, calmly, "you can avoid much unpleasantness by forgetting your personal animosities for the moment, and remember that you are a gentleman and a prisoner. Once more, will you conduct me to the captives, or not?"

Without deigning to reply in words, but haughtily nodding his head, the English captain turned and led the way toward the cabin, and in a moment more Lynn and Little Grim were once more face to face.

The latter had a bandage around his head, where the tom-

ahawk of the Indian had inflicted a painful but by no means dangerous wound. Otherwise he was as well as ever.

"Heaven bless you, Lynn!" he cried. "You are as true as steel, and, just now, a friend in need."

"Where is Rena?" asked Lynn, as he shook the young patriot's hand heartily.

"Here!" cried a sweet voice, and she came through a doorway into the cabin.

"Mr. Simmons," said Lynn, turning to the British captain, "do you know who this gentleman is who has been your prisoner for some time?"

"No—I neither know nor care."

"Very well—still I think his name might be of interest to you, so I will introduce him. Allow me the honor of presenting Captain Grim, who commands the mysterious black schooner."

Simmons fairly gasped with astonishment.

"Eh? What! No! Impossible!" he cried.

"Nevertheless a fact," returned Lynn, calmly, "and I am glad you did not know it before, for I think if you had you would have heaved anchor and gone to sea with him with all speed—eh?"

The British captain's chagrin was painful to see. Having held the prize in his hands for several hours, during which he might have escaped with it, and now just as he discovered how valuable it was, to see it slip through his fingers, was a terrible blow to him, and one from which he never recovered, for upon being exchanged, as he finally was, he resigned his commission and returned to England.

The minute men from the bluff came down to participate in the glory of the victory, and Rena was transferred to their care.

A small crew was put in charge of the brig, and she was headed for the nearest patriot harbor, where she and the prisoners were delivered over to the proper authorities.

She was minus her ammunition, however, for Little Grim looked to that, and as her magazines had just been filled, she furnished both schooners with a full supply.

Then Phil was directed to return to the settlement with the men who had come from there, and to bring with him to Rock Haven the paper which had been found in the pocketbook of the drowned voyager sixteen years before, and which Lynn hoped might contain some clew to Rena's birth.

Soon the black schooner was again in her rock-bound retreat, and the work of repairs to both vessels was taken up in earnest and with all possible speed, for they all felt that valuable time was being lost.

Toward evening of the following day Phil returned from the settlement with the paper.

Upon opening it it was found to read as follows:

"ENDREI ITHSMI.—Acepta ethe irigi ini oodgo ands-ha. Ethe oyho illwi ebe entse asa oonso asa anca. Enthe ethe Ynnly accepta isi inemi anda uyo illwi aveha ouryo alfa. Endse eme ouryo dressad-a ata onceo."

That was all; no signature—no date—nothing by which to identify the writer of the mysterious note.

Nevertheless, as Lynn glanced at it his face brightened perceptibly, and he looked up at Little Grim with a bright smile of joy and gladness.

"It is as I thought," he said. "Rena is my sister."

"How do you know? Can you read the note?"

"Easily. It is a gypsy dialect, and the key to it is very simple. You have but to place the last syllable of each word before the first one, and then drop the extra vowel, and it is pure English. In words of three letters drop the last one. Listen, I will read it to you:

"FRIEND SMITH.—Place the girl in good hands. The boy will be sent as soon as can. Then the Lynn place is mine and you will have your half. Send me your address at once."

"My dear Grim, this proves beyond a doubt that Rena is my sister, and that the person who stole her, whoever he was, for I have no idea, meant also to make away with me; but that he failed for some reason I am the living proof. He was probably some distant relative to whom our property would have fallen in the event of our death. Is it not strange that such a plot as this should come to light after all these years?"

"It is, indeed. My dear Lynn, let me congratulate you upon having a sister who is as near perfect as one could be."

"Thank you, Grim. I think I have still more to be thankful for, however."

"What more?"

"Have I not found a brother as well? Have my eyes deceived me, or is it indeed true that Rena is to become the life partner of Little Grim?"

"Aye, Lynn, it is true, thank Heaven!"

And then those two young men so strangely met, and yet so alike in their uprightness, integrity, bravery and honor, clasped each other's hands in a lasting compact of fraternal love and confidence.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SAILING INTO A TRAP.

The sun was just setting at the close of a beautiful day when two schooners, so precisely similar that an experienced eye could scarcely have told one from the other, made their way through the Stew Pot, and presently hoisted their sails in the open sea beyond.

Their sails were black, for they were the mysterious black schooner, now christened the "Black Wing," for description's sake, although the name was not painted upon her stern, and the Noname. One was commanded by Little Grim and the other by Cephas Lynn.

As soon as they emerged into the open sea their bows were pointed in different directions, so that by the time darkness had settled down over the ocean they were no longer in sight of each other.

Recruits had been procured for both vessels, and they were therefore fully manned and well equipped for the work they had to do.

We will first follow the fortunes of the Noname, Captain Lynn commanding.

She took her course due east, standing straight out for the broad waters of the ocean, skimming lightly onward through-out the night under easy sail.

About the middle of the forenoon on the following day a sail was sighted to the south'ard, and her course was changed in order to obtain a nearer view.

The distance was rapidly covered, and it soon became evident that the strange sail belonged to an English frigate, whose hull was no doubt fairly lined with heavy guns, any one of which, if properly aimed, would be sufficient to sink the schooner with a single shot.

"She is too heavy for us to tackle," said Lynn to Phil, as they stood together in the Noname's bow intently watching the stranger.

"Well, I should say so!" was Phil's sententious response, "and I think it is about time we began to show her our heels, too."

"We can run away from her easily enough," replied Lynn. "Just pass the word to throw our head up into the wind two more points, for I want to run by the frigate and skip off to the south'ard if possible."

"She'll put a shot into us if we try it."

"Well, let her. She won't get our distance properly calculated in less than three or four shots, and by that time we will be out of reach."

"There go her colors!" exclaimed Phil. "I wonder why she don't head directly toward us; she must know who we are. Our black sails would tell her that, if nothing else."

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Lynn. "Anyway she is making my task easy in holding to her course, for I think I can get by her now without getting a shot poked at us."

It was true. The frigate, as if disdainful of such a small foe, held steadily upon her course, which was rapidly giving Lynn the very opportunity he wanted, that of running past her in safety so that he could fly away towards the south.

Still the English man-of-war made no sign.

On flew the Noname, and at last the point desired was reached and passed, and she fell off two points again, and then crowded on all sail, spreading her wings like a bird which starts out for a long flight.

"Aha!" exclaimed Phil. "There she comes now! I wonder what she is up to! Some trick, I'll wager."

The frigate was now coming about, and in a few moments she, too, spread her extra canvas, and evidently settled down to the work of chasing the Noname.

"That is a queer maneuver," muttered Lynn. "I don't understand it at all, unless she has got some fellow for a captain who wants to give us a chance for our life. Perhaps he thinks that he can outsail me! He is not doing it yet, for certain, although I am not running away from him any, either."

At that moment a puff of smoke issued from one of the

frigate's port-holes, and the loud boom of a heavy gun traveled to the schooner over the waves.

"Phil," said Lynn, "it is my private opinion that the captain of that frigate is either crazy, or a fool, for if he has got any sense at all, he must know that we are out of range, and that we won't lay to for him to come up and walk over us. Well, if there don't go another gun! I say, Phil, do you suppose that fellow thinks he can hit us here?"

"Looks like it," replied Phil.

"Well—er—do you think he can?"

"No, not if his gun had twice the power it has."

"Then what is he firing for? There goes another shot."

"I don't know, I'm sure. It beats me all hollow."

"Sail ho!" cried the lookout at that moment.

"Where away?" shouted Phil.

"Dead ahead."

"Whew!" whistled Lynn. "I think I begin to catch on. How does she head?" he added, raising his voice.

"Dead for us."

"Sail ho!" at that moment cried Phil, who was peering off to the west'ard, shading his eyes with his hand. "There is another sail, Captain Lynn, just rising over the water."

"Sail ho!" again cried the lookout. "Making straight for us from the east'ard."

"Are there any more, I wonder?" said Lynn, ironically. "Phil, they have trapped us, for we are in the midst of a British fleet, and what is more, the chances are ten to one against our getting out of this mess. We are right in the center of a square made up of English frigates, and if one of them does not sink us before we can escape, it will be luck and nothing else which will save us."

"If it were only night—dark night," said Phil, "we might slip past them unseen."

"Yes, but it is day—bright day, and we can't do it," replied Lynn. "Whichever way we try to get through, they will head us off. That ship behind us can sail as fast as we can, if not faster, and the probability is that they are all equally fast. No, Phil, my boy, we are in for it, sure. We may as well look the fact in the face."

"This is evidently a concerted action on their part—a deep-laid, well-planned scheme to capture the mysterious black schooner and nothing short of an unlooked-for accident can help us."

"I am glad that we are here, instead of Grim and the Black Wing, for we can be spared better than he can."

"Well, what shall we do? Keep our present course?"

"Yes, and let the flag be run up also. We'll show those fellows that we are not frightened anyway."

On they flew like a feather before the wind, still heading straight for the frigate in front of them.

The one in the rear was not distanced any neither did she gain, while those on either beam changed their respective courses sufficiently to gradually close in the avenues of escape for the schooner.

Lynn had gone aft again, and was busily thinking over the situation.

Suddenly his face brightened.

"Phil," he said, "tell the men to come aft, every one of them; I have something important to say."

Phil did as directed, and soon the entire crew were grouped around their captain.

"My friends," he said, "We are decidedly in a bad fix, and one from which escape is very doubtful. Still I think there is a chance, but it depends more upon you than upon me."

"Listen, and I will tell you what it is. Let two of you go to each sweep, and place it on the deck athwart-ships with the end of the blade just inside the chock where it belongs."

"In a few moments I will have the flag run down, and the sail shortened just enough to make the Englishmen think that we have given up."

"It will only require a few of you to shorten sail. The others must remain at their posts at the sweeps."

"I myself will take the wheel, while Phil will act as captain, and do the talking with the frigate."

"When the proper moment comes I will cry 'Now!' and then let every man of you who loves liberty shove out the sweeps and pull as you never pulled before! At the same moment those who are at the sails which have been taken in will let them out again."

"Follow my orders implicitly and we may escape."

"Now down with the flag. Phil, take the trumpet and stand near me at the wheel. Here, man, go forward with the others and do your duty."

"We will probably get some iron into us, but we may escape them."

Then in utter silence, except for the faint cheer from the Englishman's deck when the schooner took in her flag, the two vessels drew nearer and nearer together.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

The big frigate, which proved to be even larger and more heavily equipped than the one the schooner had first encountered, put her bow up into the wind and waited while the Noname glided along her starboard side.

"Aboard the schooner!" cried a voice from the frigate.

"Ay—ay!"

"Do you surrender unconditionally, or shall I blow you out of water?"

"Whichever you please," replied Phil, coolly, prompted by Lynn, "though if I had cared to be blown out of water, I might have offered to fight you and your friends. Where is the balance of the British navy? I don't think you have brought along sufficient of them to capture a little schooner with three guns."

The Englishman made no reply, for at that moment a boat which was being lowered over the frigate's side, struck the water, and immediately set out for the schooner, carrying the first officer of the British man-of-war.

At the moment when the small boat started from the big ship's side, the little schooner was lying directly under the double line of the frigate's frowning and ominous-looking port-holes.

But it is impossible to keep a vessel perfectly stationary at sea, and then, too, the Noname's sails were not entirely backed, as were the frigate's, for although her sails flapped and hung limp and apparently useless, they caught just wind enough to keep the little vessel slowly moving, and with every inch that she glided along, she was just so much nearer to the point when she would make that great dash for liberty.

Nearer came the boat containing the British officer and his men.

"Why don't you put your sails way back and stop that sliding along?" he cried, angrily, "or don't you know how?"

Lynn did not think it worth while to make any reply.

Floating, still floating.

At least half of the frowning ports were passed, and their guns thus rendered out of range, and the others were one by one being drifted past.

"Phil," said Lynn, in a low tone, "we will be beyond those guns at just about the moment when that officer puts his head and shoulders over the rail. Suppose you stand there prepared to receive him, and when he appears, grab him and pull him over on the deck. Can you do it?"

"Can I! You'll see!"

At last the moment came. The frigate's boat reached the schooner's side, and the officer, reaching up, grasped the rail and leaped upward toward the deck.

But Phil was ready to receive him, for as soon as his shoulders were over the top of the rail, the brave patriot seized him in a vise-like grip, and in a twinkling he was sprawling upon the schooner's deck with Phil's knee pressed upon the middle of his back.

"Now!" shouted Lynn, with all his voice. At that instant and as if impelled by a single spring, the long sweeps darted from the schooner's sides, were dipped into the water, and pulled with a strength born of desperation and concentrated energy.

The stanch little craft, obedient to the force thus brought to bear, shot ahead like a thing of life.

Her sails were immediately pushed out to where they would catch the wind, and in ten seconds from the instant that Lynn had cried "now," she was under full headway, and bounding along over the sea as lightly as a bird, having outwitted the Englishman, and carried away his chief officer as a prisoner of war.

The frigate was, of course, at a great disadvantage. She was headed the wrong way, and was totally unprepared for the unexpected turn of affairs, for no one would have thought it a possibility for the schooner to escape.

But escape she did, and entirely unharmed at that.

True, the Englishman fired several shots at her, but not one

of them did any damage, and by the time the big ship had gathered headway and come about—which is a big job for such a large vessel—the schooner was practically out of danger.

Then began a regular stern chase, but the Noname had a good lead, and when darkness came she easily eluded her pursuers entirely.

On the fourth day after that which had seen them depart from Rock Haven, the two schooners once more met in their rock-bound retreat.

Little Grim had had a fruitful trip, for he had captured two barks, loaded with supplies for the English army in America, and had sent them into the nearest patriot harbor.

From that time on until the close of the Revolutionary war the mysterious black schooner became a veritable terror of the seas, and sailors, one and all, invested her with supernatural powers.

Time after time she was seen at two different points a hundred miles apart, and at almost the same moment, and how could that be possible if she were manufactured of material substances and manned by flesh and blood?

Effort after effort was made by the British to capture her, but without avail, for she succeeded in eluding them every time.

None but the initiated knew that the mysterious black schooner was two-fold, that she had a double.

The brave hearts which manned the two invincible little crafts never tired in their exertions in behalf of their beloved country.

They swooped boldly forth from time to time, dropped upon their prey, devoured it or carried it off, and then sailed back to their land-locked harbor, where they were safe from all pursuit and could rest in perfect, absolute security.

Once the Black Wing had a very narrow escape, for she was lying in a little cove when two frigates could be seen approaching.

She had no chance to slip out and sail away, for in such an attempt she would certainly be captured, and so Little Grim rowed her up into the mouth of a creek and waited, fervently hoping that the frigates were well stocked with water, and would therefore not be called upon to stop in the cove.

They sailed up to a near point, and then a small boat put into the cove to make soundings, but being evidently dissatisfied with the results, returned to the ships and presently they sailed away again.

And by and by Little Grim sailed out of the cove, mentally resolving that the next time he wanted to anchor he would do it in Rock Haven.

At last the weary war of the Revolution came to an end, and the long years of deprivations and hardships were past and gone.

Cornwallis, with a wisdom greater than any of his countrymen, saw that it was useless to contend longer with people who did not know when they were whipped, and who had to be killed to be defeated, and so he surrendered to Washington, and peace was again established.

Little Grim and Rena were married soon after the cessation of hostilities, and Lynn, who was as proud of his sister as the young patriot was of his wife, was "best man" on the occasion.

But ere long he went away, without telling his friends where he was going, and they never knew until one day he came back with the daughter of the patriot's widow, who had sheltered and nursed him in his hour of danger long ago.

Phil stuck to the sea, and so did Charlie, the former having the Noname, and the latter the Black Wing, now relieved of their somberness by red stripes and white sails.

They prospered, and ere long had many vessels belonging to them, and engaged in foreign trade.

And here, reader, we will leave them all, for they settled down to the busy occupations of a life in which there would be little to interest us; but none of them ever forgot the days of peril and of triumph for the little vessel which carried an unknown flag, and which was everywhere spoken of as The Mysterious Black Schooner.

Next week's issue will contain "VAL, THE VENTRILOQUIST; OR, THE BOY WHO SAVED THE TOWN." By Bertton Bertrew.

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

Seven-year-old Hunter Covington of near Bowling Green, Ky., has hair almost as white as snow, with the exception of near the bottom, where it is black. It began when the boy was three years old and no cause can be assigned for it. None of his relatives is white haired.

In twenty-one years, Dayton C. Anton, of Huron, Mich., has stacked 1,917 heaps of straw. This straw, if baled and loaded into cars of ten tons each, the usual tonnage of straw in cars, would make a solid train thirteen and a quarter miles long, requiring eighteen of the largest locomotives to haul it.

Locksley Hall, Lincolnshire, where Tennyson wrote his famous poem, was sold at auction recently for \$5,200. The purchase was made by a local lawyer on behalf of a client whose name was withheld. The auctioneer suggested that the historical associations of the building were such that the purchaser might make a handsome profit by "reselling to a rich American."

James M. I. Galloway, veterinary surgeon, of Kirkintollock, Scotland, arrived from Glasgow with photographs of a cow with a wooden leg on the starboard quarter, which, the veterinary says, is almost as good to the cow as an ordinary leg of beef and much more effective in knocking off folks who try to milk her on the wrong side. Other veterinarians laughed at Galloway, who is young and of an experimental temperament, when he decided to save the life of a cow after the leg had been cut off by a locomotive. He insisted on fitting the wooden leg, which he regards as very useful.

Patrolman Bresman, of the East 104th street police station, watched a "panhandler" at Fifth avenue and 104th street, New York, until he saw him beg coppers from some children. The man said he was Herman Rachstein, fifty years old, of No. 212 East 98th street. He told the usual hard luck story and looked the part; but when he was searched at the police station he proved to be wealthy. He had a book on the Public Bank of New York showing two deposits of \$460, \$8 in bills, \$4 in nickels and dimes and sixty-three pennies. He was slated for vagrancy.

Apples are being used by the W. C. T. U. of Chicago to fight the Demon Rum. An Iowa doctor, experimenting with the fruit, says he has cured hundreds of drunkards by feeding them apples when they wanted whisky. The women are sending out thousands of leaflets calling attention to the belief that eating apples will "diminish, decrease and ultimately abate the appetite for alcoholic stimulants." Attention is called to the fact that the habitual user of intoxicants is rarely an apple eater, with this explanation: "There seems to be a peculiar combination in apples that allays the irritation, or so-called appetite, produced by the use of liquor."

The War Department has allowed the soldiers of Troop I, First Cavalry, stationed in the Yellowstone Park, \$10.80 for beef stolen by bears. Asked for particulars, Colonel L. M. Betts, in charge of the troopers, explained that his men had taken every precaution to save the meat from the bears, but were outwitted. A frame, screened over and bearing the meat, was suspended in mid-air by wires attached to four trees, forming a square. No corner of the frame was within ten feet of any tree. To get meat for meals, the cooks used a ladder. One night a bear climbed one of the trees and went out on a limb twelve feet above the meat, dropped on it, and bore it to the ground. When morning came meat and bears were gone.

Local surgeons of Cincinnati are deeply interested in the unusual case of a patient at Dr. Sattler's office. A week ago the man walked in Dr. Sattler's office and said that his eyes were popping out of his head, and that throbbing pains were driving him to distraction. The man explained that he had been held up by highwaymen and hit over the left temple with a blackjack. The patient apparently had recovered from the blow as well as from a wound caused by his falling against a stone. "What really happened," said Dr. Sattler, "was that a jagged piece of stone had severed the carotid artery. After the wound had healed the arterial blood filled up the veins which circulate through the base of the brain. This is really a 'short circuit' of blood circulation. The veins began to swell and pushed against the eyeballs, forcing them gradually forward. We operated on the man, but will not know the result for a week or more. However, the condition has been removed."

Alfred Craven, chief engineer of the Public Service Commission, New York, is to be the highest paid official in either the city or the State service. The commission has fixed his salary for 1914 at \$20,000. This is an increase of \$5,000 a year. The salary of Robert Ridgway, engineer in charge of subway construction, has been increased \$2,000 to \$12,000. The salaries of the division engineers are to be \$7,000 a year. The increases have been made because of the importance of the work involved in the dual subway system. The dual system will mean the expenditure of more than \$300,000,000. The original subway cost only \$35,000,000. Up to the present the highest paid official in the city service was J. Waldo Smith, chief engineer of the Board of Water Supply, who gets \$16,000 a year. The chief engineers of the Dock Department and of the Department of Bridges get \$10,000 a year, and the State Engineer and Surveyor's salary is \$8,000 a year. The Governor draws only \$10,000 a year for his work. Mayor Mitchel's salary is \$15,000 a year. The Corporation Counsel gets the same, and the City Chamberlain gets \$12,000. Members of the Public Service Commission get \$15,000, and of the Board of Water Supply, \$12,000 a year.

TATTERS

OR,

THE BOY WHO OWNED THE HOTEL

BY J. P. RICHARDS.

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XVIII (Continued).

"Just so," replied Mr. Knight, grimly. "I see that your memory serves you well. Write down: 'All the residue of my property, real and personal, of whatever nature, I may die possessed of, I give and bequeath to my faithful attorney and old friend, Slocum Sly, late of New Orleans, but now of'—wherever you may choose to call your place of residence, Sly. Finish it up to suit yourself. You know how."

It was a question which was the most astonished, Tatters or Sly himself.

Not a word did Tatters say, and to tell the truth, it was mighty little that he cared, for it seemed to him just as he had said—that the money was his grandfather's, to dispose of as he pleased; but the rascally lawyer actually dropped his pen in his surprise.

"You don't really mean it, Mr. Knight?" he exclaimed.

"Who says I don't? I say I do!" replied Mr. Knight. "Put it down, Sly; put it all down. No, don't thank me. The only thing I ask is that you will help me to live as long as I can."

Sly's face was a study then.

There was no denying that Mr. Knight had been altogether "too many" for him.

The arch-schemer began to wonder if he knew "where he was at."

The will was finished, signed and sealed, but there was another surprise for Sly before he got through, which rather took a little of the cream off the top of his self-satisfied feelings.

He was not made executor.

Instead a lawyer in New York of whom he had never heard was named as one, and Tatters was asked to name another, and he promptly named an old lawyer who lived at the Star House, upon whom he knew that he could depend.

Sly protested at this, but Mr. Knight was firm, and in spite of the lawyer's objections, the will was completed that way, and the signature having been witnessed by the colored man and the cook, Mr. Knight took the document and put it under his pillow.

"That's all right, Sly," he said. "Now leave me with Reginald. I want to say a few words to him alone."

Sly went out and slammed the door.

He felt that he had been tricked, but just how or wherein he could not understand.

As soon as he had gone Mr. Knight motioned to Tatters to come close to the bed.

"Kneel down here, boy," he whispered, "not a loud word; he is listening at the keyhole. Do you feel disappointed at what I have just done?"

"Not one bit, grandfather," replied Reginald. "You know your own business. You have willed me enough to live on. What more could I possibly ask?"

"No more from me, for you would not get it," whispered

Mr. Knight. "Reginald, I have left you all I am worth in this world to-day!"

"Sir!"

"Oh, it is just as I am telling you. Boy, I am a born gambler. I made my money keeping gambling houses in the South. I have dropped it gambling in stocks and cotton, on the New Orleans exchange. Instead of being the millionaire Sly believes me to be, I am almost a ruined man. I have left him the residue of my estate, after you have taken this old family mansion and the Star House. Ha, ha! Let him find any residue, if he can. Now he won't have to poison me, but don't you desert me, boy. There is more to it than I have told you yet. Come to me at midnight and I will reveal a secret to you which may yet make us both rich. If it does it is all yours, Reginald; all yours, my boy!"

What did he mean?

Was the old gentleman's mind wandering?

Tatters was almost inclined to think so, but no further information was to be had then, and he soon joined Sly in the library below, where he found the lawyer pacing up and down and snapping his fingers in the usual way.

"Well, well, what did he say to you?" he demanded, as Tatters came into the room.

"Oh, nothing special," replied Tatters, carelessly. "He only apologized for not leaving me more."

"What do you think of it? Are you satisfied?"

"Why not? Don't I own the hotel where I have been only an employee—in prospect, I mean?"

"It's a big triumph for you."

"And for you, too. You get a million; I get a few hundred thousand. You ought not to kick."

"I believe there's some trick in it, upon my soul I do. There's a nigger in the fence somewhere, just as sure as we are standing here."

"Anyway, it relieves you of a big responsibility," said Tatters. "You won't have to poison the old man now."

"Hush! Don't breathe it! These things must not be talked out so," said Sly, angrily. "No matter. I'll understand this better later on."

"Well, I don't know what you are kicking about. Wasn't I to have half, and I don't get it now," said Tatters. "Say, Mr. Sly, I suppose you won't need me any longer. I think I'd like to go back to the hotel."

"You just try to go back to the hotel, and see where you come out!" hissed Sly, and he bounced out of the room and slammed the door.

"The danger is not over yet," thought Tatters. "I wouldn't leave this house now for ten thousand dollars! Oh, I do wish Sam DeLacy would come!"

Tatters had the utmost confidence in the detective.

How he was ever going to get into the house, he had not the faintest idea, but that he would succeed in getting in some way he felt perfectly sure.

The rest of the day wore away slowly.

Sly did not put in an appearance, and Tatters felt sure that he had left the house.

Several times he visited his grandfather's room, remaining with the old gentleman several hours altogether, but not another word did Mr. Knight say on the subject of the will.

(To be continued)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

John J. Nugent, of Caratunk, Maine, is a whopper. He is the biggest man in the Maine woods. He is thirty-four years old, six feet and three-quarter inches tall, weighs two hundred and thirty-five pounds, and is strong in proportion. He has seven brothers, all of whom are more than six feet in height.

Jess Slaughter, a young ranchman of near Basin, Wyo., with only a pocket knife and a stone as weapons, killed one big bear and wounded another. Three animals had called at his camp, attracted by the cooking, and when they closed in he knocked one with a rock and before it could get away stabbed it with his pocket knife?

The wealth of the United States exceeds the combined wealth of Great Britain and Ireland and France. Here are the figures: Great Britain and Ireland, \$72,000,000,000; France, \$46,000,000,000; the United States, \$130,000,000,000. Thus it will be seen that the wealth of this country exceeds the combined wealth of Great Britain and France by \$12,000,000,000.

Scores of passengers left the coaches of a railway train, sixteen miles north of Jesup, Ga., to shake the hand of a tramp who saved their lives. The train, carrying four crowded sleepers and several day coaches, was rushing toward a broken rail at a speed of fifty miles an hour, when the tramp appeared on the track, wildly waving his arms. When the engineman stopped the train it was within a few feet of the bad rail.

Otto Hencke, a Main street, Orange, N. J., baker, dropped into the Llewellyn bowling alleys, one night recently, and in a practice game rolled a perfect score of 300, running through the frames without a miss. It is the first perfect score made in that vicinity in more than a year. Hencke does not roll with any team, but just bowls for his own recreation after his day's work. He has not a ball of his own, but found one at the alleys entirely to his liking.

William Lepoer Trench, travelling secretary and orator of a socialist organization, was "spouting" his doctrines in a hotel lobby in Kansas City, Mo., when a postman handed him a letter from Europe that stated he had fallen heir to \$250,000 of the estate of his father, Frederick Niterville Trench, a Dublin lawyer. "I will spend that \$250,000 in spreading socialism," said Trench. Then he thrust the missive in his pocket and went on declaiming. He says his doctrines caused his exile from home at twenty-one, and since he has been a sailor and a lumberjack.

Brazil is the richest country to-day in "white coal" (water power). The fall of the Iguassu on the frontier of Argentina is superior in extent, in height and in vol-

ume to Niagara. The fall of the Iguassu, or the Santa Mara, is fifty meters. That is seven meters more than that of Niagara. Its power has been measured at 14,000,000 horsepower. It is known that the fall of Sete Quedas, on the frontier of Paraguay, has about 5,000,000 horsepower, and the cataract of Paulo Affonso, on the Sao Francisco river, composed of several falls, has a total level difference of eighty-one meters and 1,000,000 horsepower.

When John Liscross, a saloonkeeper on Hoffman Boulevard, Carona, L. I., sold Policeman Frederick Brunde a horse for \$25 he forgot to tell the bluecoat that Pete, the horse, was accustomed to having a pint of beer before retiring and got peevish if he didn't get it. When the policeman got in from duty the first night he found his stable demolished and no horse. Search revealed Pete with his back to the Liscross saloon, beating a tattoo on the door with his hoofs. Liscross was awakened, and, going downstairs, gave the horse a pint of beer, after which he became docile and returned home with his new owner. Brunde is undecided whether to sell the horse or go into the saloon business.

Early in the last century many boys at Eton, England, had to undergo a rough training. An old Etonian who left the school in 1834 describes his experiences there as "worse than that of many inmates of a workhouse or jail. To get up at 5 on freezing winter mornings; to sweep their own floors and make their own beds; to go two by two to the pump for a scanty wash; to eat no mouthful of food until 9 a. m.; to live on an endless round of mutton, potatoes and beer, none of them too plentiful or too good; to sleep in a dismal cell without chair or table—such was the lot of boys whose parents could not afford to pay for a private room. Some of these underwent privations that might have broken down a cabin boy and would be thought inhuman if inflicted on a galley slave."

The Army Signal Corps is to make experiments with real aerial projectiles or bombs. Within five or six weeks the Ordnance Department will deliver to the Signal Corps some aerial projectiles which will be dropped from aeroplanes at targets in an effort to demonstrate the efficiency of aeroplanes as an offensive war machine. The projectiles are especially designed for this work, and it is thought the experiments will settle some of the mooted questions relative to this feature of the military aeroplane. There are three types of projectiles, the heaviest being fifty pounds and the lightest twelve pounds. The projectiles will be handled by the dropping machine invented by Riley Scott. Mr. Scott claims that he will be able to control the course of the projectiles after they leave the aeroplane in much the same way that the projectile of a gun is directed.

WORKING FOR WILL

— OR —

THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT STAY DOWN

By WILLIAM WADE.

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XI (Continued).

But Mr. Main failed just as Will had done, for when he went to the bank next day determined to draw the banker out, he found, to his astonishment, that Mr. Eagleton and his family had sailed for Europe, and November came and they had not yet returned.

Mr. Ransley and his family lived in the Deland cottage during August and September, but in October, Will and his mother went there and took possession for the winter, the widow being engaged by Mr. Ransley at a good price, to look after the house and furniture, which was of the most expensive kind.

It was not so inconvenient an arrangement for Will as one might suppose, for he owned a horse, now, and it was but a short drive to the shop.

Old Middleton, who now managed to keep himself pretty straight, moved into the little cottage, and business went right on just as though Will had not made the change.

We now come to a startling event in Will Long's career, which put him right on his feet, and which must be carefully described.

It was late one Saturday afternoon in November, when Will came hurriedly into the shop and throwing down a roll of plans upon the bench, exclaimed:

"Well, Mr. Middleton, I've struck it again. By gracious, I didn't suppose I would. I certainly do have astonishing luck!"

Old Middleton caught his breath, and actually turned pale.

"You don't mean the new High School house, Willie?" he cried.

"Yes, I do mean the new High School house," exclaimed Will. "The committee have decided at last. It's my job!"

"Well, well! I didn't think they would give it to you!" said the old builder.

"Several opposed it on account of my being under age, but Mr. Blatchford was on the committee, and he fought for me. If it hadn't been for you being associated with me, I don't suppose I should have got it. Blatchford spoke a good word for you, and so did Mr. Main. It's a twenty thousand dollar contract, and you must have your share."

"Thank you, Will," said the old builder, with considerable dignity. "I am perfectly satisfied with our present arrangement. You have treated me square. You have made a man of me, and now I'm going to make you a promise. I won't touch one drop from this moment until we turn the key in the High School door."

"I'll trust you," said Will. "And now let me say that while I don't want a partner, you must come in for your share in this. We will divide profits, Mr. Middleton, and I will draw the same wages as you do while the work goes on. Is that satisfactory?"

"More than satisfactory, my boy, and I'll work hard.

We will give Wellingham a High School which she may well be proud of. Of course, my day is about over, but this job is going to be the making of you, and you deserve all you will get."

It was a great triumph for our hero, certainly, but those in Wellingham who had watched the boy's earnest work declared that it was no more than he deserved

CHAPTER XII.

THE BOOM OF THE MIDNIGHT GUN.

Will was just getting into his buggy that afternoon to drive down to the cottage, when Harry Leslie came hurrying up the alley with a little grip in his hand.

"Hello! Will, I'm just in time!" he exclaimed. "I'm going out to stop over Sunday with you, if you have no objection. You know I have been threatening to do it this long while."

"Good enough!" cried Will. "Nothing could suit me better. Jump right in, Hal."

Will's horse was a good one, and the boys drove rapidly down to the shore, with the chill east wind blowing in their faces all the way.

It was a miserably unpleasant evening. Everything indicated a big storm.

The waves were rolling up on the beach with fearful force when Will put the horse in the barn, and it had turned off so cold that he built a big, roaring fire of logs in the open fireplace in the dining room, while Harry closed in the shutters and drew the curtains to keep out the deafening roar of the sea.

"What a beautiful room this is," he remarked, as they sat at the table to enjoy one of the Widow Lang's well-cooked meals. "Will, I should think you would be proud of this job."

"He may well be," said Mrs. Long. "Willie is going to make a splendid mechanic. This is the finest house, inside, I ever saw."

"Now, come, mother! Now, come!" cried Will. "Don't help me to get the big head, for it's a horrible disease. I don't take any credit to myself for this work at all. It is only that I had sense enough to profit by the work of others."

"You are too modest," said Mrs. Long. "You are a natural mechanic, Willie. Your father always said you would be, and he was right. I'm as proud of you as I can be, and now that you have got this High School contract—good gracious! What is that!"

It was only a gust of wind which struck the cottage, but it was the beginning of a fearful storm, which raged all that night and far into the next day.

Will and Harry slept together, for company's sake, and some time after midnight our hero was suddenly aroused by Harry shaking his shoulder.

"Will! Will! Wake up!" he cried.

Will, who was rather a light sleeper, sprang up instantly.

"What is it?" he exclaimed. "Great Heavens! what a row the sea is kicking up outside!"

(To be continued)

NEWS PARAGRAPHS

Levi A. Taylor, a negro farmer, of Newark, Del., has just come into a fortune of \$200,000, including a large strip of land in Atlantic City, N. J., by the will of Mrs. Susie Brighter, a white woman, who died recently. Taylor worked for Mrs. Brighter, entering her employ in 1900. He claimed certain lowlands at Atlantic City and supervised the erection of sixty houses on these lands for Mrs. Brighter. He will establish a home for colored boys near this city with the money.

"I am a crossing watchman," writes a man from Philadelphia, "at Second and Girard avenue, and a cripple. I have a signal on a high post, and every evening I have to put a lighted lamp up there and take it down in the morning to refill it. It is hard work and risky for me, for I have only one leg. So there is a little scout who passes every morning at 6 o'clock, serving milk for his uncle. He takes my lamp down for me. He told me it was his duty—every scout was to do a kind act every morning of his life. Three cheers for the boy scouts!"

One of the most remarkable railroads in the world is to be built in France, to run up the Aiguille du Midi, which rises abruptly to a height of 12,608 feet. The object of the undertaking will be to show the unmatched glories of Mont Blanc and its chain of peaks and glaciers. Instead of running on solid ground, however, like most of the Swiss mountain railroads, it is to go through the air on pylons and cables, swinging from peak to peak, far above the eternal snows and glaciers. The starting station of the line is situated down in the valley of Chamonix.

A veiled woman in black has visited the cemetery at West Long Branch, N. J., every third Sunday in September since 1854 except last year to place flowers on the graves of the dead removed from the wreck of the New Era off Deal Beach. Recently she explained she was one of the survivors of the disaster in which several hundred perished on November 13, 1854, and made a vow, she said, to visit the graves every year she lived. Last year she was sick and couldn't. She is now seventy years old. She refused to give her name.

The sensation of the day in St. Petersburg is a statement that the largest armament works in Russia, that of Putiloff, have been bought by an Anglo-German syndicate at the head of which are the Krupps and the Vickers. At present the Putiloff works manufacture field artillery after a French model, under the supervision of the Creusot staff. The Krupps will thus get an insight into the designs and secrets of their French competitor, and the Creusot firm will be obliged, if the statement is true, to join the syndicate, which will thus embrace the whole of Europe and command prices at will.

During 1911 in the 392 rings of Spain 4,394 bulls and 5,618 horses met their death in the bull ring. Ten toreadors were killed and 166 injured. Seven million spectators have spent on this "sport" 21,000,000 pesetas in that poor country. There are forty-four old matadors and 324 so called novilleros. The number of banderilleros, picadores and chutos amounts to 1,128, who annually get more than 4,000,000 pesetas in pay. Machaguito, the most famous "espada," alone earned in sixty bull fights 360,000 pesetas. Annually the value of the killed bulls amounts to 500,000,000 pesetas.

On account of the magnitude of the productions and the care of detail work the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, it is stated, has from 80 to 100 men around the stage during the production of an opera, each aiding in the mechanical success of the opera. An idea of the wonderful mechanical training of the men directing things behind the curtain is given in the production of "The Magic Flute." This has been called the most difficult opera in the world to stage. There are fifteen changes of scenes, but the longest wait at the Metropolitan is from fifty seconds to one and a quarter minutes.

Jack McCauley, soldier of fortune, died at Kansas City, Mo., of typhoid fever. McCauley, when a guard at the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo, N. Y., stood beside President McKinley when he was shot by Leon Czolgosz. McCauley held Czolgosz until other officers arrived. For his bravery he received a special medal from the exposition officers and a letter of thanks from Congress. McCauley served in the Spanish-American war, both in the regular and volunteer service. He served in the Philippines as a regular and was a member of Company C, One Hundred and Sixtieth Indiana volunteers, organized in this city. He also took part in revolutions in Mexico and South America.

A boy seized with longings for the simple life was excavated from a cavern in a vacant lot at Union street and Pitkin avenue, East New York, recently by Patrolman Fitzpatrick of the Liberty avenue police station, who had seen smoke coming from the lair. The cave dweller was Mark Fineberg of No. 77 Powell street, East New York. Fineberg, who is twelve years old, has been missing from home for a week, and the police of the Liberty avenue precinct were on the lookout for him. The patrolman who found Fineberg had a lot of trouble getting him out of his cave, for the entrance had been made boy-size and was not gauged for the admission of policemen. The boy, when he was finally induced to come out, said the cave was the meeting place of a gang of boys and that he was on guard while they were out scouting for food. A watch was set on the cave for the rest of the young simple-lifers and Fineberg taken to the Juvenile Court.

INTERESTING TOPICS

GETS FARM FOR GOLD NUGGET.

A nugget of gold that was left evidently many years ago by a band of Mexicans that travelled through this part of the State has made a rich man of Edward Mershom of Butler, Okla. He found the nugget several weeks ago while digging around a tree on his farm four miles north of town and shortly afterward left for the West. Recently it was learned that from the proceeds of a sale of the nugget he purchased an irrigated farm, valued at several thousand dollars, in Arizona. Prior to the discovery Mershom was a poor farmer. He slipped away quietly and it was not known generally what had become of him.

THE LATEST THING IN LOCKS.

The wonderful things that can be done with modern locks are demonstrated in a new skyscraper in Omaha. Every key supplied to tenants and employees will open many doors in the building, and all kinds of combinations have been made so that with one key a person can open all the doors he should have the right to open—and not another door will respond.

Each tenant, for instance, with the key to his office, can enter any wash-room in the building, or he can enter the main door of the building at night—though in this instance his turning the key in the lock rings a bell to warn the watchman. The manager of the building has a master key for each floor, which will open every door on that floor. He has another master key that he can turn in any lock and thereby prevent that lock from responding to any other key until he wishes. This enables him, for instance, to lock out of his office a man who refuses to pay his rent or to close a man's office during his vacation.

A grand master key will open all the utility doors of the entire building, such as storerooms and wash-rooms. An account is kept of every key, and if the keys to any office are lost a part of the lock to that office can be quickly changed to require a new key, yet the altered lock will respond to the correct master keys and ordinary keys, but to no others.

To carry the plan to a climax a special type of key is used and blanks for that kind of key cannot be bought on the market.

BRAZILIAN RAT CATCHERS.

Rats are a great nuisance in certain parts of Brazil, where the climate is very warm. The common cat does not thrive for some unaccountable reason, but is replaced by a domestic rat catcher, whose presence causes a decidedly unpleasant sensation to visitors when first they come in contact with the creature. It is a species of small boa constrictor—the gibola. The snakes are not venomous. They sleep in the house, generally taking up their position at the foot of the stairs. When nightfall approaches they begin to awaken, and during the night they glide swiftly about the premises looking for rats. Gibolas are offered for sale in the markets of Bahia and Pernambuco

at prices ranging from \$1 to \$5, according to the size of the creature. It is claimed that they are so easily domesticated that, if removed from one house to another, they invariably return to the house whence they have been taken.

SAWDUST FOR CALIFORNIA GRAPES.

An important difficulty with which California grape growers are obliged to contend is that of transporting their grapes over long distances and holding them in sound condition long enough to get the benefits of the late winter demand. Experts of the Government Bureau of Plant Industry have been trying to solve this problem.

The Spanish grapes (Malaga or Almeria), with which the California product must compete in the East, are packed in ground cork—a material admirably adapted to the purpose, inasmuch as it is a first-class insulator, keeping out cold as well as dampness.

Unfortunately, cork cannot be obtained on the Pacific coast at a price low enough to make its use possible. Hence an investigation, which has covered tests of many other filling materials, including corn pith, shredded paper, wheat bran, cornmeal and cocoanut pollen.

None of these proved satisfactory. It is found, however, that there is a material which serves the purpose just as well as ground cork. This is redwood sawdust, which is obtainable from the planing mills in unlimited quantities at a very low price.

Experiments have shown that redwood sawdust is even superior to ground cork. The grapes keep longer in it and in better condition than in cork. Why this should be so nobody can say, but the fact is beyond question. Tests made with it have included all the leading varieties of table grapes known commercially in California.

It is not desirable to use the sawdust as it comes from the planing mills. It contains too many fine particles, which cling to the grapes and cannot easily be dislodged. Accordingly, it is sifted, so as to leave only the larger particles. In appearance the sawdust thus prepared resembles the ground cork used by the Spanish packers. When the bunches of grapes are taken out of it, the stuff is dislodged by merely shaking them, as is done with the cork-packed grapes.

It is necessary to have the redwood sawdust absolutely pure, inasmuch as the slightest mixture of other woods, such as pine, cedar or spruce, has been found to taint the flavor of the grapes. Before long, doubtless, a machine will be devised that will convert redwood waste into material acceptable for the purpose, but as yet experiments in this direction have not been successful.

The sawdust has to be kiln-dried or else dried in the sun; if damp, it will ferment and taint the flavor of the grapes. Lumber companies on the Pacific coast are already making arrangements to sift and dry the sawdust fresh, as it comes from the saws.

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

BOY SCOUTS TO FIGHT FIRE.

The boy scouts are being trained to prevent fire. The key word that is being emphasized by their scout masters is "care." Already the boys have been receiving instructions from fire chiefs throughout the country as to what to do in the event of fire, and many boys have received for this work merit badges from the Boy Scouts of America. They have directed James E. West, chief scout executive, to begin an educational campaign throughout the country to reduce the fire loss.

Accordingly the scout masters are being asked to train the boys to the following things:

Watch the ashes in the furnace and see to it that they are put only in metal receptacles.

Examine chimneys, flues and stovepipes at least once a week. Defective flues cause about 30 per cent. of the fires.

Warn persons using naphtha, benzine or gasoline to keep away from gas jets and matches. One kind of gasoline will impregnate 200 feet of air and make it explosive.

Watch gas jets. Be on the alert to detect the source of the smell of gas.

Boy scouts should not allow their smaller brothers and sisters to carry matches. They should never carry a lighted match into a closet filled with garments. Boy scouts are urged to see to it that the servandt girl does not light the kitchen fire with kerosene.

COST OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

When the Panama canal is complete it will have cost Uncle Sam a total of \$375,000,000.

De Lesseps reckoned in 1879 that a tide level canal twenty-eight feet deep would cost only \$114,000,000 and could be built in seven or eight years, including a ship tunnel through the mountains which were supposed to exist, but in 1887 his estimate was \$351,000,000 and twenty years for a fifteen foot lock canal. By the end of 1888 the work was scarcely two-fifths done and nearly \$400,000,000 had been spent, wasted and stolen. The new technical committee after the crash estimated that the canal could be finished in ten years for \$100,000,000.

American estimates have also varied. The third canal commission in 1900 thought a canal could be built for \$142,342,579—admirable exactitude!—apart from the cost of securing the land, which would be so great as to be prohibitive. The Spooner bill, under which the canal is being constructed, appropriated not more than \$145,000,000 for the entire work.

The Panama canal, as now completed, is of course vastly deeper, wider, more commodious and more substantial than was ever dreamed of when the work was begun. When this enlargement of its plan is considered the increase in cost does not seem excessive, and the financial aspects of the enterprise may be compared favorably with its engineering achievements.

BOXWOOD.

Its native home is Persia and the territory surrounding the Black and Caspian Seas, but it is in general cultivation in many parts of the world, and grows successfully as far north as 52 degrees latitude. While it grows in the temperate and more tropical climates, it is only for export in southern Europe and in parts of southern Asia. It is at present derived mainly from the forests of the Caucasus, Armenia, and the Caspian shores. The wood of the best qualities comes from the Baltic Sea forests and is shipped largely from the port of Poti. It is grown also in all parts of India, and in many districts flourishes in a wild state. It is but little planted and protected for its wood, but is largely grown and highly esteemed in Europe for ornamental and other useful purposes. To the gardener the box is a well-known, hardy evergreen tree or shrub, which seldom exceeds the height of from 12 to 15 feet in the United States, but in Turkey and Asia Minor it is sometimes found as high as 25 feet. The thickness of the trunk is often out of proportion to the height of the tree, because in full-grown trees it varies from 6 to 9 inches in diameter near the ground.

Boxwood is remarkably heavy (about 70 pounds per cubic foot), very hard, fine and straight-grained, takes a very high polish, and has a light yellow color. It is very liable to check in drying, and in order to prevent this the wood is placed in a dark cellar for from three to five years. At the end of this time the sapwood is removed with a hatchet and the heartwood again placed in a dark cool cellar or barn until wanted. For the best result the wood should be boiled for some time, and after it is dry, buried in dry sand until required.

The boxwood has been in great demand already by the Greeks and Romans, and Theophrastus classed it with that of ebony on account of its usefulness and very fine grain. Pliny described boxwood and said that it is as hard to burn as iron, and observed that it is totally unfit for charcoal. Both Virgil and Ovid stated that the wood was used very early for making musical instruments. With the advance of civilization boxwood came into use for wood carving, and for this purpose it soon formed an important article of trade. It was also used extensively in England very early in cabinet making and inlaying, turnery, and a multitude of other purposes.

The use of boxwood has been so very great that it is becoming scarce and consequently very costly. It is now so valuable that the trees are dug up by their roots and the latter are used for various articles of turnery. The root wood is very beautifully marbled or veined and the articles manufactured from it vary in value accordingly. The tree grows exceedingly slow, and the rate of consumption is far greater than the growth. No wood has yet been found to take the place of box for engraving, and for this the demand is great and the supply is limited. The want of the present day is a suitable substitute.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25, 1914.

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ITEMS OF CURRENT NEWS

Two-year-old Harry Kramree climbed on a box beside the big ice cream freezer in the rear of a St. Louis pharmacy and, losing his balance, fell in. Nobody saw the accident and he was drowned. His body was not found until several hours after neighbors had begun searching for him.

Using a pair of curling irons as forceps, the father of little Charles Vorce saved the boy's life at New Salem, Mass., when a fish bone lodged in Charles's throat. Everything else had been tried and the boy was choking to death when the father happened to think of his wife's curling tongs, and drew forth the bone in a jiffy.

According to a government announcement, the wooden shoe industry in America is growing. These shoes cost from about 60 to 75 cents a pair and are good for two years. They are worn by those who have to work in cold or wet places, such as tanneries, breweries and livery stables, and by workmen in steel mills and glass factories who must walk on hot grates or floors.

The English Government experts say that in nine months' time an aeroplane will be built to carry a pilot and ten men. The argument of the army strategists is that a hundred of these machines, carrying a thousand men and weapons, would be of vital importance in any warlike operations. It would be possible to transfer 1,000 men at the rate of a mile a minute from any point on a battlefield to any more favorable point of attack or defense.

An order that will make it possible for candidates to enter the United States Military Academy at West Point without asking mental examinations was issued at the War Department the other day. It provides that a candidate may be exemplified from the mental examinations if he has passed the college entrance examination board's tests or has certification from institution accredited by the academy.

It is believed that about 70 per cent. of all carpets now woven in Persia contain at least some aniline colors. The

Persian government some years ago prohibited the use of aniline dyes, in order to maintain the prestige of the carpets made in that country, but now merely imposes a tax of 6 per cent. on the value of exported carpets in which these colors are used. The United States is believed to be the largest purchaser of Persian carpets.

Any one wanting to buy a twenty-nine-year-old poet for one year can bid for Arthur L. Spencer of Omaha, who has advertised to sell himself into servitude for one year to the highest bidder. He is to be furnished with board, room and clothes and the amount bid shall be paid him at the expiration of his year. He is to be trained in some occupation, as he has had a tendency to write poetry and is not used to work. Spencer says he is honest and does not drink and is willing to quit writing poetry.

Bowker, the English diamond digger, who arrived in London late in December with a diamond of the first water weighing 178½ carats, which had been found at Droogeveld, South Africa, has been unable to sell his stone here in the rough. He has decided, therefore, to send it to Amsterdam to be cut. The ability to sell the diamond will depend on the success achieved in cutting it. It has been decided to cut it into a single stone. The diamond is said to resemble the famous Kohinoor.

What is probably the highest death rate of any city in the world belongs to Cochabamba, Bolivia, where there was a mortality of 75 per 1,000 in 1913. This extreme mortality is said to be due not so much to climatic or other natural causes as to the lack of knowledge among the lower classes of the most elementary rules of hygiene, a fact which is corroborated by the percentage of infant mortality, about 40 per cent. of the deaths being children under five years of age.

The highest seas known on the Pacific Coast were recorded during the recent series of gales. The light on Trinidad Head, near Eureka, Cal., was put out by surf that smashed in the thick protecting panes of glass and disarranged the lenses 200 feet above the normal surf line. A comber leaped the summit of the light on Tillamook Rock, off the coast of Oregon, and smashed in the glasses. The sea swept over the summit of the light on San Pedro breakwater, 75 feet up.

The island of Good Hope was the first of the Friendly islands to be discovered by the Pandora in 1791. But this lord of many islets is very difficult of approach, for the seas are dangerous except to very small craft. The postmaster general has therefore invented a method of his own for the delivery of mails. He delivers them by rocket. When the hour of delivery arrives the whole population assembled on the shore to watch the great event, for it has happened that in midcareer the precious mail has burst and given its news to the waves. When the seven-foot long rocket lands successfully there is a wild stam-pede of the natives thirsting for the latest news from Samoa or the Fiji islands.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

WHERE DO THE PENNIES GO?

The fact that Uncle Sam has to coin 100,000,000 more pennies this year at the Philadelphia mint has started the Government trying again to find out where the pennies go, something that has remained a mystery.

The small coins disappear from circulation more than any other and nobody knows what becomes of them. A total of 146,000,000 were minted at Philadelphia last year. Uncle Sam makes a good profit, however, thirteen cents worth of copper making \$1 in pennies.

FOSSIL RELICS OF ALBERTA.

There are enough fossil saurian remains in the valley of the Red Deer River north of Calgary to supply the entire world with specimens, according to W. E. Cutler, curator of the museum of the Calgary Natural History Society, who has been conducting explorations in the district during the past season. Mr. Cutler's statement was made apropos of an attempt that is being made to debar United States savants from further investigations, and to prevent them taking the fossilized remains of prehistoric reptiles out of the country.

Mr. Cutler stated emphatically that it was owing to the work of these savants from the United States that it was discovered that the Red Deer Valley contained fossils of prehistoric creatures, and it would be very unfair to attempt to debar them now. The American Museum of Natural History of New York has had three parties in the field during the last three summers, under the leadership of Barnum Brown. This museum collects in all parts of the world.

The specimens collected in the Red Deer Valley belong to a worldwide order of extinct reptiles, but are of a new genus and species, and form one more link in the evidence that Canadian and United States scientists working together need to establish the geologic history of North America. Although these remains are of an approximate geologic age of 3,000,000 years, they owe their preservation to the solid rock in which they are hermetically encased. After weathering and exposure to rain and frost they are, after several seasons, reduced to heaps of rotted fragments, the gypsum with which they are impregnated hastening destruction.

It is not likely that Alberta scientists will take any notice of the agitation to exclude their United States colleagues, who are welcome in a field where there is room for all, and where the best interests of knowledge and science will be served by the earnest co-operation of all concerned.

QUEER HAPPENINGS.

Lehigh Valley launched a tug at Port Richmond which "takes off its hat" (the top of its smokestack) on approaching low bridges.

Joseph Mortimer, who cut bars in New Brunswick jail

and escaped, was caught while cutting ice at Gouldsboro, Pa.

Captain "Tiny Tim" Murphy, of the Jersey City police, orders: "Ponderous paunches on policemen must go."

Charles Whitlock and fellow volunteer firemen, of Mount Kisco, N. Y., are building their own auto fire truck.

Juggling with lighted lamp, Preston Blackwell, of Pearl River, N. Y., upset it and in the explosion badly burned.

Former Congressman Gardner, at Hammerton, N. J., proves his theory of latent air-power, by exploding his hot-air engine.

First asking Central how to get out of town, burglars robbed coinbox at telephone station, Nanuet, N. Y.

John Young, Stony Point, N. Y., in hospital for broken bones for weeks, returns home just in time to see his wife slip and break her leg.

Guy Depew, a fireman on the D., L. & W. road, put up his head in time to hit a piece of the East Orange station. Fractured skull, but will live.

Andrew Ricknaski, of Bayonne, is accused by Bertha Merkofski of having stolen a telegraph pole sixty feet long, which she used for a clothes pole.

Injured deer on an ice floe in the Hudson was rescued by Game Warden Sutton and brought ashore for treatment.

Bride at Polish wedding in Allemuchy, N. J., followed old custom and danced with every man who gave her a quarter. She received \$44. Party lasted two days.

Louise Salerno, five years old, of Passaic, fell from a three-story window, and merely scratched her nose.

Wild geese seen going north along New Jersey coast. Oldtimers say this is sign there will be no more real cold weather.

After consulting Paterson lawyer about suit for damages for a broken arm, Mrs. Santina Costa fell and broke leg as she was leaving his office.

Thieves broke into shoe store owned by Mrs. E. H. Hariman at Arden and stole 100 pairs of shoes.

Burglar who robbed home of Mrs. G. Tuttle, No. 137 Grant avenue, Jersey City, returned plush coat and suit, also some silver, without saying articles were of no use to him.

Nine cooks employed by families in Passaic suddenly quit work and were married. Nine families ate in restaurants that night.

Girls of Patchogue High School basketball team fed on candy by Port Jefferson team in hopes they would overeat and lose. Patchogue won.

Burglars who stole suit of clothes at Lake Mohegan Inn heated flatiron and pressed the clothes before putting them on.

Robert Gaede, silk manufacturer, who must pay \$1,200 for killing boy with his car, elected president North Jersey Auto Club.

CHANGING MONEY TRICK BOX.



With this trick box you can make money change, from a penny into a dime or vice versa. Also make dimes appear and disappear at your command. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG,
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CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c.

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HINDOO FLOWER-POT TRICK



With this trick you can make a plant grow right up in a flower-pot, before the eyes of your audience. An ordinary empty earthen flower-pot is handed to the spectators for examination. A handkerchief is then placed over it, and you repeat a few magic words, and wave your wand over it. When the handkerchief is removed there is a beautiful plant, apparently in full bloom, in the pot. Full directions with each outfit. Price, 15 cents by mail, postpaid.

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A great deal of amusement may be had with this little article. It imitates the blowing of the nose exactly, except that the noise is magnified at least a dozen times, and sounds like the bass-horn in a German band. This device is used by simply placing it between the teeth and blowing. The harder the blow the louder the noise. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

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Half-face masks with movable noses. A distinct novelty which will afford no end of amusement. They come in 6 styles, each a different face, such as Desperate Desmond, etc., and are beautifully colored and splendidly finished, with patent eyelets to prevent tearing. Price 15 cents apiece, by mail, postpaid.

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This is no toy, but a real whisk-broom, 6½ inches high. It is made of imported Japanese bristles, neatly put together, and can easily be carried in the vest pocket, ready for use at any moment, for hats or clothing, etc. Price 10 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

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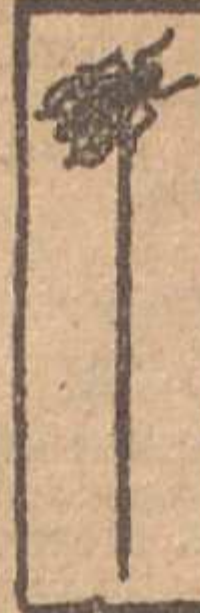
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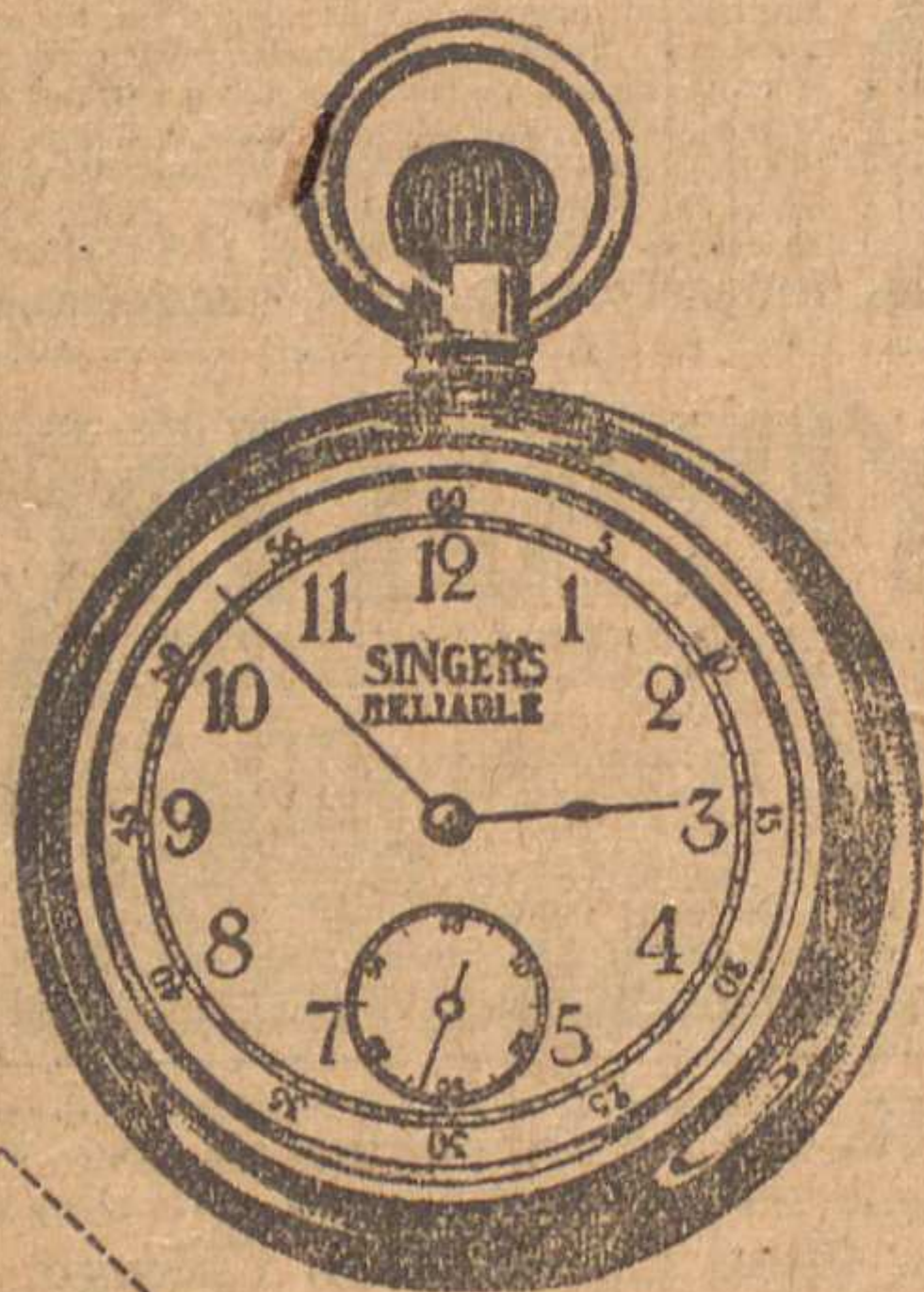


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